The Outlook

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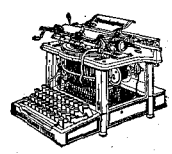

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The Outlook

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The New York Campaign: The Grout-Fornes Muddle

Never did the old adage that politics makes strange bedfellows receive more striking illustration than in the political complications in New York City during the last week. To so far disentangle this complication as to make the conditions intelligible to our readers is our object in this paragraph. The city of Brooklyn is coterminous with Kings County, but there are both a city and a county government. The Democratic machine in Kings County is popularly known as "Willoughby Street," and the "boss" for years has been Mr. Hugh McLaughlin. Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the successor of Mr. Croker as head of Tammany, is the Democratic "boss" of the Borough of Manhattan. He desires to give to Tammany, and to himself as its head, the control of the Democratic party in Greater New York, and for this purpose either to destroy the political power of "Willoughby Street" and Mr. McLaughlin or to make both subordinate to Tammany and to himself. How far this desire is due to personal ambition, how far it is a desire to make a more centralized and efficient machine for city, State, and National politics, it is not necessary to inquire. The Borough of Manhattan is always Democratic, though with varying majorities; the Borough of Brooklyn is sometimes Republican, sometimes Democratic, according to circumstances. Mr. Grout is a Brooklyn Democrat, and Mr. Grout is nominated as Comptroller and Mr. Fornes as Borough President on the Fusion ticket. Mr. Murphy selected Mr. George B. McClellan as the Democratic candidate for Mayor, partly because he was a warm personal and political friend, partly because he was the son of General McClellan. Mr. McLaughlin opposed his nomination, because he wanted a candidate whose popularity in Brooklyn would help him to elect, if not the borough, at least the county, ticket, and give him the borough and the county offices for distribution. Mr. Murphy had no desire to give those offices to Mr. McLaughlin for distribution, and preferred to run the chance of losing the Brooklyn vote in order to get the chance of having the Brooklyn offices at his own disposal. The battle between the two "bosses" waxed hot. It was as the result of this battle and as an incident in it that Mr. Murphy directed the nomination on the Democratic ticket of Mr. Grout for Comptroller and Mr. Fornes for Borough President. His object was easily discernible. It was to secure a Democratic vote in Brooklyn despite Mr. McLaughlin's protest, and to throw disorder into the Fusion ranks. His followers, after the fashion of Tammany, voted as they were bid. As Tammany has in the Democratic Convention a majority of two-thirds, Mr. McClellan was nominated for Mayor, Mr. Grout for Comptroller, and Mr. Fornes for Borough President, in spite of the protest of Mr. McLaughlin and the votes of the Brooklyn delegates. The nomination of Mr. McClellan was made unanimous; the nominations of Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes were not. Mr. Murphy has succeeded in not only defeating but in temporarily humiliating Mr. McLaughlin by nominating from the latter's Borough a candidate to whose nomination he was unalterably opposed. Whether he will succeed in getting Democratic votes for him in that Borough remains to be seen. He has also succeeded in creating, at least temporarily, confusion in the ranks of

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the Fusionists. At first some Fusionists were inclined to regard the proposal to nominate two of their candidates as a compliment to their ticket, an indorsement of their past record, and an added strength to their cause. But the Tammany platform made it very clear that it was neither a compliment nor an indorsement; for the same convention which nominated as its own candidates two members of the last administration devoted nearly the whole of its platform to an indictment of that administration as inefficient, extravagant, and corrupt. A few days' discussion sufficed to make it clear to all parties, what had apparently been clear to Mr. Low from the first, that "in this battle there can be no neutrals. He that is not against Tammany is for it." At this writing it is quite clear that Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes will both be put off from the Fusion ticket and other candidates put in their places, unless there are insuperable legal difficulties in the way. We do not recall in the history of the country any analogous situation to that which will be presented if Messrs. Grout and Fornes remain on both tickets—a situation in which the same men are nominated for office by two organizations, the first of which charges the second with practicing public corruption, fostering blackmail, and encouraging vice and crime, and the second of which charges the first with incompetence in all its departments and fraud in some of them.

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The New York Campaign: A Question in Ethics

Is there any reason why Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes should not accept the Tammany nomination as well as the Fusion nomination and run on both tickets? A nomination of a candidate is simply a recommendation to the community to vote for him. If Tammany, knowing the past record of the Comptroller and the Borough President, desires to recommend them to the citizens of New York, is there any reason why those gentlemen should refuse their consent to the recommendation? Suppose the Breckinridge Convention had chosen to nominate Mr. Lincoln, or a Democratic Convention in Massachusetts should choose to nominate for Senator Mr. Hoar—what is the objection? This question in casuistry is worth a more judicial and candid consideration than has been given to it by the daily press. When a man accepts the nomination of a party, he becomes to a certain extent a representative both of certain principles and of the organization formed to maintain them. He cannot with honor take any action which will tend to leave his advocacy of these principles in doubt or to imperil the interests of his associates. If the Breckinridge Convention had proposed to indorse the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, he would have been bound to make it clear that his acceptance of the nomination did not involve any weakened adhesion to the principle of no extension of slavery; if a Democratic convention should indorse the nomination of Mr. Hoar because he is an "anti-imperialist," his assent to the nomination should make it clear that he remains a protectionist. In the present case, the fusion of Republicans, Democrats, and Independents has been formed for the purpose of keeping Tammany out of the political control of the city, and this on the ground, explicitly affirmed in the platform of the Citizens' Union and Republican Conventions, that Tammany is (we quote from one of these) "an organization devoted to public plunder and to 'graft,'" and (we quote from the other) "an organized and disgraceful agency for the protection of vice and crime." By accepting a nomination on these platforms, Messrs. Grout and Fornes make these declarations their own. To accept a nomination from a body which a week ago they so characterized indicates to the public either a radical change in their judgment of Tammany or a radical change in Tammany itself. And the public naturally expect at least a definite and explicit denial from the candidates that they have changed their opinion. It must be added, in all frankness, that the political history of Mr. Grout enforces the demand for such a statement, and makes the fact that he refuses to give it the more suspicious. Americans have short memories, but they remember that in 1895 Mr. Grout was one of

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Mr. Edward M. Shepard's lieutenants when the latter was endeavoring to reform the Democratic organization in Brooklyn by overthrowing the power of Mr. McLaughlin, and that when in that effort Mr. Shepard was running for Mayor, Mr. Grout accepted a nomination from Mr. McLaughlin, ran against his chief, and by so doing brought about the election of Mr. Wurster, the Republican candidate. In the light of that history the public cannot be regarded as excessively suspicious if they think Mr. Grout's acceptance of a Tammany nomination now, without a reaffirmation of his previous condemnation of Tammany, needs a better explanation than any he has given.

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The New York Campaign: A Question of Party Loyalty

A candidate, by his acceptance of a nomination from a political organization, also enters into obligations to his associates. They are all, as the saying is, in the same boat, and he ought not to take individual action which, in the judgment of his associates, threatens to swamp the boat. When Mr. Grout was first asked whether he would accept a Tammany nomination, loyalty to his associates required that he should have consulted with them before taking so decisive a step. And for this purpose something more was necessary than a casual inquiry, such as he made, of Mr. Low at a chance meeting at lunch. That something more was necessary is evident from the fact that the interview is so differently remembered by the two men. Mr. Grout thinks that Mr. Low assented to his acceptance of the nomination; Mr. Low is equally certain that the suggestion struck him "as wildly visionary and as a thing that was disposed of by Mr. Grout's attitude." It is not necessary to assume that there is here any question of veracity between the two men; but if not, it can only be because Mr. Grout's inquiry took no such form as to make it a matter of serious consideration by Mr. Low; and it is not suggested that any formal conference with his associates on the subject was asked for by Mr. Grout. When Mr. Grout was approached with the question whether he would accept a Tammany nomination, had he replied that he must first consult with his associates, had he called them together for that purpose, and had he replied, in a letter which could not be misapprehended or misquoted, that his associates were cordially willing that he and Mr. Fornes should accept the Tammany nomination provided Tammany nominated them as Fusion candidates, and distinctly understood that they would carry out in their administration the principles of the Fusion movement, there could have been no objection to his receiving the nomination—and also no possibility that it would have been tendered to him.

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The Miller Case

The President refused to hold a conference with labor leaders concerning the retention of Mr. Miller in the Government Printing-Office, but granted to them an interview. The difference is not merely one of words. He had taken his action in the Miller case, and was not prepared to reconsider it. A conference would have indicated that he was prepared to reconsider it; but he expressed himself willing to meet them and hear what they had to say on the subject, and the New York "Sun" justly finds a parallel to this in Mr. Lincoln's habit of receiving delegations from all sorts of citizens, presenting all sorts of views on questions of public policy upon which his mind was unalterably fixed and determined. That on the fundamental issue in the Miller case the President's mind was unalterably fixed and determined is very clearly manifest from the official publication of his communication to the labor leaders. This is so clear, and in its enunciation of fundamental principles so important, that we print it entire:

As regards the Miller case, I have little to add to what I have already said. In dealing with it, I ask you to remember that I am dealing purely with the relation of the Government to its employees. I must govern my action by the laws of the land, which I am sworn to administer, and which differentiate any case to which the Government of the United States is a party from all other cases whatsoever. These laws are enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and cannot and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people. I am

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President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service, I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him, than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him. In the communications sent me by various labor organizations protesting against the retention of Miller in the Government Printing-Office, the grounds alleged are twofold: First, that he is a non-union man; second, that he is not personally fit. The question of his personal fitness is one to be settled in the routine of administrative detail, and cannot be allowed to conflict with or to complicate the larger question of governmental discrimination for or against him or any other man because he is or is not a member of a union. This is the only question now before me for decision, and as to this my decision is final.

To this statement of principles The Outlook has nothing to add, except that they are so evidently just that we wonder that they should ever have been called in question, and we record with satisfaction the fact that their justice is apparently accepted by labor organizations, as it is, with practical unanimity, by the community at large.

❀

The President's Decision as to Delaware

The President appears to be acting in a similar spirit in dealing with the situation in Delaware, where the resignation of Mr. Byrne as District Attorney has made it necessary for him to determine who shall represent the Federal Government in the State of Delaware in prosecuting for crimes of which the Federal Government may take cognizance. In making this appointment he has quietly ignored the supposed compact between the two Delaware Senators for the division of the patronage in the State, and has appointed Mr. John P. Nields as District Attorney of the State, for the reason that the Federal and State judges, and an overwhelming majority of the members of the bar, without regard to party or faction, have favored his appointment. It may be added that Mr. Nields is now holding the office temporarily on appointment of the United States judge. It appears to us that the President cannot in his future appointments in Delaware be guided by any other principle than that indicated by his course in this case. He certainly cannot act upon the principle reported to have been enunciated by Mr. Payne and agreed to by the two Senators from Delaware, that the patronage is to be divided between the two according to geographical boundaries. Nor do we see how he can identify himself with either of the two factions into which the Republican party is divided. The very fact that Senator Ball has entered into a compact with Senator Allee to divide the patronage deprives him of the support of clean-handed reformers; for his unalterable position should have been: No compromise or alliance of any description with the Addicks supporters. Certainly the President cannot support the Addicks faction, which beyond all question represents a corruption in politics more flagrant and manifest, if not absolutely worse, than any which has been seen in the country since the days of William M. Tweed. The only consistent way for the President to meet the emergency in which the widespread corruption in Delaware has placed him is to pursue the course which he has taken in the appointment of Mr. Nields—ignore all factions and all machines, and take as his counselors respecting appointments in that State neither of the Senators, but the best citizens of Delaware, wherever he can find them, and in the main regardless of their party affiliation and of the party effect produced by his appointments.

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A Failure of Justice

The refusal of the Grand Jury of Delaware to indict certain of the leaders in the riotous proceedings which terminated in the storming of the Newcastle County Workhouse at Green Bank, and the subsequent burning of the negro murderer, George White, is the last of a series of failures of justice in that State, and is certainly a natural and almost a necessary corollary to those which preceded. It was a failure of justice for the court in Delaware to refuse to call a special Grand

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Jury and proceed to the summary trial of the criminal. It was a failure of justice for the executive to allow the plans of the mob to be quietly formed and openly carried out without any real resistance. After these failures of justice, the release of the leaders of the mob without a trial was a natural consequence. The judges who failed to provide expeditious justice could not be called to account. The officials who failed to stop the rioting of the mob could not be called to account. To punish the leaders of the mob at this late day would certainly have been no compensation for the previous failures. The arguments against indicting them were not without weight. They were such as these: Indictment would be useless, for no jury would convict; a mob can only be judged and punished as a mob; the so-called leaders are not more guilty than their confederates and co-operators; to punish any man for the lynching and ignore the public sentiment of the community which made the lynching possible is not really just, since it makes a few suffer for the wrongdoing of all; the evil has been done—to revive the recollection of it, and fill the public mind with the story of it and the public sentiment with the revived passions of it, would do harm, not good. Such were the arguments which apparently led the Grand Jury to ignore the indictments laid before it. They should be kept in the mind of the public in all the States as an added reason for expeditious justice by the courts, and against the substitution for that expeditious justice of lynch law.

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The Political Conventions

Republican State Conventions were held last week in Colorado and Massachusetts, and Democratic State Conventions in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, but little action of National significance was taken by any of these bodies. The Colorado Republican Convention was completely dominated by the Wolcott or conservative faction, and the Rhode Island Democratic Convention renominated Governor Garvin, who formerly was regarded as the leader of the extreme radicals, but during his administration has commanded the support of his entire party in his attitude toward present State issues. In Massachusetts the Democratic and Republican Conventions adopted sharply antagonistic resolutions on the tariff question, the Democrats demanding Canadian reciprocity and the overthrow of tariff protection to trusts, while the Republicans declared that the present tariff law "should not be revised or changed until the need of such action and the benefits to be obtained from it are clearly shown." The Democratic platform supplemented its anti-imperialistic resolutions by a specific condemnation of the demand from the South for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment.

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Labor Riots Follow a Trust's Collapse

The lumber difficulties in Sault Ste. Marie illustrate the inherent viciousness in our present system of allowing great corporations to issue stock on whatever their imagination conceives to be the value of their property, and to pay their workmen in their own notes in lieu of authorized government currency. The Consolidated Lake Superior Company—whose stock a few months ago had a market value of fifty million dollars and now is worth less than one million—created a boom by the customary methods, employed a great number of lumbermen, miners, and railroad hands, set them at work in the woods and mines, and paid them in checks of their own issuing. When the boom collapsed and the Consolidated Lake Superior Company failed and the workmen came to town to get their money, they found it hard to get cash for their checks at any higher rate than ten cents on the dollar. That, with the sense that they had been cheated out of their hard-earned wages and that starvation confronted them, they should have engaged in riotous proceedings is not extraordinary. That the rioting must be stopped at whatever cost is certain; but it is equally certain that the law ought to be so organized and administered as to make it impossible for would-be capitalists to create a fictitious value as a basis for an unauthorized currency in which to pay the wages of

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employees, who, when the inevitable crash comes, find their year's work paid for only by bits of comparatively worthless paper.

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Henry D. Lloyd's Last Message

In the death of Henry D. Lloyd, at his home in the suburbs of Chicago, last week, the radical social reformers of the United States have lost their most brilliant publicist. Certainly no writer upon industrial measures in the interests of the struggling classes has gained and held so wide an audience. Mr. Lloyd was born in 1847, and, like so many other of the literary champions of industrial radicalism, was the son of a minister. In 1869 he became the assistant secretary of the first Free Trade League established in this country after the close of the Civil War. About ten years later, his article in the "North American Review" entitled "The Barons of Industry" was perhaps the first notable contribution exposing the dangers of the industrial pools which preceded the more highly organized trusts of to-day. As the years went on, Mr. Lloyd became more and more closely identified with distinctively labor movements, and, though a man of large wealth himself, came to be classed by some of his critics as a labor agitator. His volume "A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners" was an impassioned account of the sufferings of the Illinois miners during the great strike and lockout at Spring Valley in 1889. President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, was a young boy in Spring Valley at the time of this strike, and became one of Mr. Lloyd's ardent disciples. In the hearing before the Anthracite Strike Commission last spring Mr. Lloyd served as associate counsel for the miners. In the early nineties Mr. Lloyd published his "Wealth Against Commonwealth"—a daring arraignment of the methods employed by the Standard Oil Company from the time of its first organization. To the surprise of many of its readers, this volume never involved its author in the lawsuit it seemed to challenge. In his later years he investigated the industrial reforms of Australasia, and warmly championed them in his volume entitled "Newest England." The spirit which animated his writings was never more compactly expressed than in his last letter to "Boyce's Weekly," which comes to us almost with the news of his death. It is entitled "The Earthly Meaning of Heavenly Words," and reads in part as follows:

> "Bear ye one another's burdens." There is not one commercial or financial relation known to the business or industrial world in which there is not already in existence, in some country or city or trade, actual organization striving to realize intentionally the earthly meaning of these heavenly words. This is the religious news of to-day. London takes possession of street-car lines, raises the wages of the men, shortens their hours, gives them a six-day week, and carries the people five miles for a cent. This municipal capitalist substitutes the general welfare for selfish profit. The transportation business ceases to be a business, and becomes a successful experiment of applied Christianity. In the democracy of New Zealand the people unite as a nation to release each other from the money trust. They borrow money cheap in London at wholesale, and loan it again at retail to the workman and the farmer at cost. They buy and operate at cost coal-mines, railroads, and yards, to deliver each other from the coal trust. They tax land and make the tax progressive, tax incomes and make the tax progressive, tax inheritances and make the tax progressive. The more land, income, inheritance, a man has the more he pays actually and relatively. Thus, these New Zealanders are making good in fiscal science the Bible requirement that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required."

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Mr. Balfour's Speech

By far the most notable address before the National Union of Conservative Associations last week at Sheffield, England, was made by Mr. Balfour, the British Prime Minister. It was the official announcement by word of mouth of his conversion to a new fiscal policy. Sheffield seems an appropriate place for such an address, as it is believed that its export trade has declined more alarmingly than has that of most English manufacturing centers. Mr. Balfour therefore spoke to an audience largely in sympathy with his proposals. His speech was, like all his speeches, a model of linguistic and dialectic charm; but his auditors paid more attention to matter

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than to manner. The Prime Minister has lately stood for what may be called Fair Trade, as opposed, on the one hand, to old-fashioned free-traders like Mr. Ritchie, and, on the other, to protectionists like Mr. Chamberlain, men who resigned from the Cabinet a fortnight ago, one because he held that the Premier had advanced too far toward protectionism, the other because he had not gone far enough. In his pamphlet Mr. Balfour announced his fiscal policy as retaliatory for the home market, in distinction from Mr. Chamberlain's, which is preferential for the Empire. The Prime Minister showed how the United Kingdom had lost trade, and therefore (as a "palliative"—he knows of no cure) demanded the power to negotiate reciprocal treaties with protective countries, or, failing that, to impose retaliatory duties; his only reference to the colonies indicated that his ideal for them lay in free trade within the entire British Empire, just as it exists among the several States of the United States. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain would impose preferential taxes throughout the Empire—as, for instance, the taxing of foreign breadstuffs in England, but the free entry of Canadian breadstuffs, expecting, of course, a colonial return favor; the whole transaction to cement Imperial unity. As compared with the language of his pamphlet, the following extract from the Sheffield speech shows how Mr. Balfour, who a fortnight ago still proclaimed himself a free-trader, is approaching Mr. Chamberlain's frankly protectionist position:

> Cobden hoped and believed in free trade throughout the world. What in fact we have got to deal with is a world where international commercial relations are regulated entirely by treaty. Is it common sense that we, the greatest commercial nation, should come forward and say, "We want to arrange treaties with you, but we have nothing to give you, nothing to withhold from you. We throw ourselves upon your mercy and consideration. Please remember how good we are to your commerce, how we throw no impediment in its way, and how we do all we can for you, and please don't forget us when you are making your next treaty"? . . . Our grandfathers fought the battle in view of the actual situation. I ask the nation to-day to follow their example and not be misled by musty debates. The . . . question is, "Do you desire to reverse and alter the fundamental fiscal tradition which has prevailed for two generations?" My answer is, "Yes, I do."

❀

The Sheffield Conference Mr. Balfour repeated in his Sheffield speech the opinion which he had before expressed concerning Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to tax food, that it was at present "outside the domain of practical politics." We infer from this a difference with Mr. Chamberlain as regards method, not principle. We may judge that, as soon as Mr. Balfour thinks the moment has arrived to put a tax on food, on it will go. Thus the distinctions between retaliatory and preferential protection appear to be of secondary importance. It will be interesting to see whether the Premier will now approximate himself to Mr. Chamberlain by the avowal of a belief in the theory that the producer pays the tax. If so, he would probably detach from the Cabinet some free-traders, like the Duke of Devonshire, and from himself some colonial producers, together with many English manufacturers and workmen. The despatches say that a resolution was unanimously passed by the Union approving the Premier's principles and welcoming "the policy he foreshadows for securing to England fiscal freedom in negotiation with foreign countries." The unanimous vote, however, was only gained by the refusal of the Conservative free-trade advocates to vote at all. At the next day's conference the following clever protective plan was proposed: Food taxes shall not be increased; hence the timid may calm their fears. On the contrary, protectionist Conservatives would remit the $65,000,000 now paid on imported sugar, cocoa, and tea. To offset this they would tax foreign but not colonial cereals, meats, and dairy products. If they cannot get $65,000,000 from this source, they propose a five per cent. tariff on partly manufactured and a ten per cent. tariff on wholly manufactured imports. As estimated, the proceeds of these latter tariffs would be $35,000,000; hence a large sum would presumably be left for the reduction of other taxes. So capti-

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vating is this scheme that the popular London "Daily Mail" is now ready to change its former hostility to protection into hearty support. On the other hand, a hitherto stanch supporter of the Balfour Cabinet, the London "Spectator," perhaps the most widely esteemed of English journals, now abandons the Premier and confesses that the country would be safer in the hands of a moderate Liberal Government.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Pamphlet

Mr. Chamberlain's preface to the pamphlet of Mr. Vince, his secretary, issued on Saturday of last week, does not mention Mr. Balfour's middle-of the-road policy. Mr. Vince recapitulates and summarizes his chief's former pronouncements, while the chief himself replies to his critics. To those who claim that protection favors the rich he says:

> Let them at least admit that, rightly or wrongly, this policy is propounded in the interests of the masses of the people, *of the poor much more than of the rich*, and that those who are responsible for it have earned by strenuous endeavor in the past the right to resent the charge of neglecting the interests of the industrial population.

To those who criticise taxation transfers he says:

> Our free food friends will have to be a little more definite and more accurate. They will have to explain why the transfer of taxation, say from tea to bread, would be disastrous.

"Free food" friends have already explained that the nutritive value of bread is immeasurably above that of tea, and that hence there is no possible basis of comparison. The distinctive feature of Mr. Chamberlain's most recent utterance, and by far the strongest of his arguments for protection, is his opinion on trades-unions as affecting his policy:

> But what would Cobden have said if he had foreseen that the trades-unions, whose existence he deprecated, would be successful in protecting labor in a score of ways, tending to increase the rate of wages and to raise the standard of living? Would Cobden, as the representative of the manufacturing class, have still maintained that while the manufacturer was artificially prevented from obtaining labor at the lowest rate, he ought to rest content when the products of foreign labor, untrammeled by any regulations and legislation to which he has to submit, undersell him in his own markets? Cobden's scheme was at least consistent. It was free labor as well as free imports; but free imports combined with protected labor is neither consistent nor profitable to any of the parties concerned.

To the suggestion which The Outlook has repeatedly made, that Imperial unity might best be conserved by a truly Imperial Parliament, in which every colony should find representation, Mr. Chamberlain says that "it is no answer to offer to them [the colonies] an Imperial Council, which they have already refused." This statement that it has been offered to them and refused is news to The Outlook. Can any of our English readers tell us to what Mr. Chamberlain refers?

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Sir Michael Herbert

The announcement of the death at Davos Platz, Switzerland, of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States, brought with it a keen sense of loss to a host of people on both sides of the Atlantic, who had felt the charm of his rare personality and who knew how thorough an ambassador he was in the modern sense of the word. Formally accredited from the older to the younger country, Sir Michael Herbert was the interpreter of England to America, conceiving of his function, not simply as a guardian of British interest in the United States, but as a promoter of friendship and greater intimacy between two countries akin in language and blood, and drawn together more intimately every year by social, racial, and trade connections. A member of an old English noble family, carefully educated under private tutors, entering the British Foreign Office in 1877, Sir Michael Herbert became an attaché two years later to the Paris Embassy, where he remained for nine years. From that important post he was transferred to Washington, and served as Secretary of the British Legation in that city for the years 1892–'93, when he was sent to discharge similar duties at the British Legation at The Hague. A little later he was transferred to Constantinople, where he not only acted as secretary, but also as chargé d'affaires in the absence of the

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British Minister at the time of the Armenian massacre, and met the difficult questions of the period with great skill and judgment. Later he went to Rome and again to Paris, holding in the latter city the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary, although still acting as first secretary. On the death of Lord Pauncefote he was transferred to Washington, and the announcement gave universal satisfaction in this country, where he was very pleasantly remembered, and where his admirable judgment, his high conception of his duties, and his sincere regard for this country were understood and appreciated. Fifteen years ago Sir Michael married the daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson, of this city; and during the period of his ambassadorship three American women have presided at the three most important embassies in Washington—those of England, France, and Germany. Although a young man, Sir Michael had made a distinct place for himself in the diplomatic world, and was equally fortunate in his skill in discharging his duties and in making friends.

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The Macedonian Insurrection

On Sunday of this week, as an outcome of the conference between the Russian Czar and the Austrian Emperor, telegrams were sent to their Ambassadors at Constantinople "to insist on the execution in their entirety of those reforms which were accepted by the Porte and which are calculated to guarantee general security." The "excesses and cruelties" of the Sultan's suppression of the insurrection are deplored by the two monarchs, and "it therefore appears to them to be their urgent duty to come to the assistance of the victims of these regrettable occurrences." As snow has now fallen on the mountains which mark the frontier between Bulgaria and Macedonia, the Macedonian refugees must now either leave their hiding-places or suffer greater hardships. The correspondent of the London "Times," wiring from Samakov, close to the frontier, says that the number of Macedonian emigrants and refugees along the boundary increases daily. He adds that the number of villages destroyed in the vilayet, or district, of Monastir is ninety-three. The revolutionists' memorandum to the Powers stated the number as ninety-eight; thus the revolutionists have not exaggerated the truth as much as was supposed. The correspondent adds that at least a hundred and fifty villages in all Macedonia have been pillaged and most of them have been burnt. During the week the Turkish troops seemed to have the upper hand everywhere, whether in the vilayets composing Macedonia or in the vilayet of Adrianople to the east, where the principal fighting has been of late. The Turkish Government has now ordered the mobilization of two additional divisions of troops. The Sultan's order in regard to reforms in Macedonia does not appease the Bulgarians, as the personnel of the Commission is of itself an indication of his insincerity. The only Bulgarian representative is an octogenarian who has been for many years a Turkish official, who would probably act in harmony with the other members, none of whom, with the exception of Hilmi Pasha, have any prominence. No one supposes, therefore, that such a Commission will transact much serious business. A general feeling of disheartenment has prevailed everywhere concerning Macedonia since the publication of Mr. Balfour's response to the Archbishop of Canterbury's indignant appeal. It is realized that France and Italy had only been waiting for the British Government—more responsible under treaty than they in the matter—to take the initiative in compelling the Powers to demand the appointment of a Christian Governor for Macedonia and its conversion into an autonomous State. Until this is done the Balkan crisis will not end.

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The Inhumanity of the Turks

Last week twenty-one American missionaries in Turkey requested the American and British Governments to send a Red Cross contingent, saying that no time should be lost. The starving in Macedonia are eating roots and grasses, and the wounded are dying uncared for. Pestilence is threatened. If the Red Cross cannot come, the missionaries ask

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that pressure be applied to the Sultan to obtain permission to distribute relief. This at present is absolutely forbidden, while the Turks misappropriate supplies placed in their hands. We believe that the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy in Turkey would gladly co-operate with our missionaries in the distribution of relief. The appeal of the missionaries should arouse both indignation and pity in every heart. It is not necessary to believe all of the terrible tales concerning the action of Turkish soldiers to realize the necessity of a demand upon the Sultan by the Powers that, if he must wage warfare, it shall be waged in consonance with so-called "civilized war." It may be necessary to take the lives of those fighting in opposition; it is not necessary in this day to perpetrate such outrages on defenseless humanity and show such lack of pity for outraged humanity as have characterized the methods of the Turk in all history. Nor are Turkish atrocities the work of irresponsible brigands and irregular troops, as in the case of the outrages committed by the Bulgaro-Macedonian bands. The Turkish regulars continue to slaughter the refugees who have returned to their former homes at the invitation of the Sultan, who promised them protection.

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Cardinal Gibbons and the Roman Catholic Church in America

A reported interview with Cardinal Gibbons has been somewhat extensively circulated in this country, involving the following assertions attributed to him; we quote them as we find them in the New York "Times:"

That the new Pontiff, Pius X., likes and admires the American people, and is trying to know the country and its conditions.

That the Catholic University is to be placed on a sound financial basis.

That a second Cardinalate is to be given this country.

That Austria did exercise the "veto" concession.

That the American hierarchy is to have entire freedom in the direct jurisdiction of dioceses.

We have not heretofore referred to this interesting interview, because we saw reason to doubt its accuracy, and we desired not to comment upon it until we obtained authoritative information on the subject. Such information we have now obtained, and are able to state to our readers authoritatively what Cardinal Gibbons did say, namely:

1. It is true that the new Pontiff, Pius X., likes and admires the American people, and is trying to know the country and its conditions. We judge that there is more involved in this statement than lies upon the surface; that it at least indicates that the Pope will continue the politico-ecclesiastical policy of his predecessor, by which the Roman Catholic Church has recognized as legitimate and been brought into kindly relations with democratic governments and institutions the world over.

2. The Catholic University at Washington is to be placed on a sound financial basis. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics may well be glad to hear this statement thus authoritatively given. It is not desirable that American Catholics should find themselves compelled to go abroad to complete their education. From the National and American no less than from the ecclesiastical and Roman Catholic point of view, a well-endowed Roman Catholic university in this country is eminently desirable.

3. Cardinal Gibbons did not say that a new Cardinal is to be given to this country; he did say that he *hoped* this would be the case. The Outlook thinks this hope a natural one on his part, and a reasonable expectation on the part of all Roman Catholics. The number of the communicants of that Church in the United States is surely sufficiently large to justify, from every point of view, two Cardinals in this country.

4. Cardinal Gibbons made no statement respecting the action of Austria in the late Conclave, and makes none now. The public must look to other quarters for information on this subject.

5. He did not say that "the American hierarchy is to have entire freedom in the direct jurisdiction of dioceses." If these words mean what they appear on their face to mean, it is quite evident to any one who is familiar with the ecclesiastical principles of the Church of Rome that he could not have said so.

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The fundamental principle of that Church is the supreme authority of the Pope over all Roman Catholic dioceses. The notion of hierarchical independency, implied in the above statement as imputed to Cardinal Gibbons, would be wholly inconsistent with the supremacy of the Pope, exercised through the machinery of the Vatican. Protestants should not deceive themselves and intelligent Roman Catholics will not. What we like to call the American Catholic Church is and always must be subject to the supreme authority of the Roman Catholic hierarchy as represented in and through the Vatican in Rome.

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The Election of Dr. Greer

The election of the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in this city, as Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of New York at the Diocesan Convention held on Wednesday of last week, is a very happy settlement of a difficult question. Three times Dr. Greer has been summoned to take the position of Bishop or Bishop Coadjutor, and three times he has declined. The fourth election was really a mandate, and was accepted, not only as a command of the Church, but as a manifest imposition of duty. Bishop Potter has had a singularly successful career as Bishop in the largest and one of the most difficult dioceses in the country. A broad churchman, he has been the Bishop of the whole Church, recognizing all parties, standing consistently for catholicity in the true sense of a much-abused word, interpreting the Church to the community in the largest terms, and by reason of his great ability filling the position of Bishop of New York outside the lines of his own communion. Dr. Greer has many of the same qualities, although the men are widely different in temperament and method. A Virginian by birth, educated in Philadelphia and at Gambier, Ohio, doing his first work in West Virginia, transferred thence to Covington, Kentucky, and a third time to Providence, Dr. Greer has had an ideal education for the difficult task which falls to him, and combines the warmth and vivacity of the Southern temperament with thorough education and with an unusual experience in dealing with all phases of church life. His success in Providence, both as a preacher and an organizer, was so marked that when the pulpit of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City became vacant he was asked to fill it; and for fifteen years he has been one of the most useful and eminent clergymen of the city. Under his direction and by reason of his inspiration and practical sagacity, St. Bartholomew's has become a great working church with an institutional side conspicuously adapted to the needs of a great and hitherto neglected section of the city. Bishop Potter has stood alike for the rich and the poor in New York. Allied himself with wealth and culture to such a degree that he has sometimes humorously, though never acrimoniously, been called "the apostle to the genteels," he has made use of his influence and his position to urge on the more fortunate the claims of the less fortunate. So far as the work on the cathedral has progressed, it has been steadily interpreted by Bishop Potter in terms of modern service. In like manner, Dr. Greer has been eminently successful in educating rich people to generous giving, and in using their gifts with sagacity. In the important position to which he has been called he will find ample scope for his intellectual gifts, his charm of temperament, and his wide experience as an organizer. He is progressive without being radical; a broad churchman, but in no sense a partisan; one who, like Bishop Potter, recalls the type of the earlier metropolitan bishops of the Church, who were selected, not only because of their spiritual attainments, but because of their skill in dealing with men.

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The Salvation Army and the Southern Mountaineers

With banner and brass band, and new khaki uniforms, with fervor and courage also, the Salvation Army is undertaking a campaign against sin, ignorance, and irreligion in the mountain districts of Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia. On another page of this week's issue of The Outlook,

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Dr. W. E. Barton, who knows the conditions in these districts thoroughly, removes some popular misconceptions on the subject, and shows that "feudism" may exist side by side with a certain kind of religious interest, and that the leaders of the invasion may find some of the mountaineers more inclined to discuss theological dogmas than to experience any real and effective conversion. Nevertheless, the Army's advanced guard already report several conversions of recognized "bad men," and even the surrender of guns or pistols by the converts, which latter fact may be regarded as a measurably satisfactory evidence of conversion. The "brigade" of invaders is headed by Colonel Holz, and includes about a dozen officers, exhorters, and musicians (one man is usually efficient in all three directions), and even three private soldiers or "candidates," chosen because of their familiarity with the region. The center of operations will be Breathitt County in Kentucky, where there have been thirty-seven homicides in two years, while within a year feud-murders have deprived the county town of the services of its marshal, a town trustee, and a leading physician. Something like an aroused public sentiment has been called out by the atrocious killings and by the almost invariable failure of the courts to punish the murderers adequately, if at all. It is asserted that in five years Kentucky has had five times as many homicides as New York State, and only one-thirtieth as many executions, while the number of pardons and commuted sentences has been extraordinary.

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The New York City Newsboys

The new law which prohibits young boys in New York City from selling newspapers during school hours and after ten o'clock at night, and compels them to take out badges and licenses, has now gone into effect. The Board of Education has had its hands full in the issuing of these licenses. Each is good for a year from the date of issue, and must be renewed at the expiration of that period. The licenses have been given out by the district superintendents of schools. Blanks must be signed containing the school record of the applicant, his age, residence, place of birth, and physical characteristics, The nickel badge bears the inscription, "Newsboy registered by the Board of Education of New York." In the center of the badge is a celluloid film on which the district superintendent writes the applicant's name. On the back is the boy's own signature. Violations of the law are to be dealt with in the Children's Court. This legislation marks the culmination of the movement begun four years ago by the New York Child Workers' Protective Association under the energetic leadership of Mr. Thomas Campbell-Copeland. His purpose was by no means to restrict or hinder the sale of papers by withdrawing the boys from the streets, but merely to have the ages graded so that boys under ten years of age should be kept off the streets as venders late in the evening. It is a satisfaction to chronicle the success of this endeavor.

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President Finley's Inauguration

Dr. John H. Finley was inaugurated as President of the College of the City of New York on Wednesday morning of last week, and in the afternoon the corner-stone of the new main building of the College, east of Amsterdam Avenue, between One Hundred and Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Fortieth Streets, was laid by Mayor Low in the presence of an audience of two thousand people. Mr. Edward M. Shepard, one of the most distinguished graduates of the College, delivered an address on behalf of the trustees. The inaugural ceremonies were unusually interesting on account of the democratic character of the College, its close relation to the New York free-school system, and the personal regard in which Dr. Finley is held. The Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and the student-body were represented among the speakers. An interesting letter from President Roosevelt was read, in which he declared that, next to the home, the school, the college, and the university are doing most to determine the efficiency of the individual

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as a citizen. Senator Depew, representing the University of the State of New York, commented on the immense expansion of education, the gravity of the social and industrial problems awaiting solution, and the great need of educated leadership. President Hadley, speaking for Yale, said: "There is only one College of the City of New York, representing the culmination of the educational system of a city greater than many States." President Butler, of Columbia, affirmed that the diversity of American education did not end in chaos, but in a large and flexible adaptation to the complexity of American life. After addresses by President Schurman, of Cornell, and President Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, ex-President Cleveland made one of the longest speeches of the day, emphasizing especially the democracy of education and the immense responsibility of colleges in relation to public life. President Finley, in his inaugural, brought out very clearly the fact that there are many hundreds of young men who cannot go out of the city for collegiate education, and emphasized the necessity for the existence of the College and the importance of its work in view of the needs of the great city of New York of to-day. Few college presidents have entered upon difficult tasks with more cordial support and more general faith in their capacity than does Dr. Finley.

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The New York Campaign

The Real Issue

Events of the past week, commented on elsewhere, have done something to obscure, temporarily, the real issue involved in the present New York campaign. It is, therefore, worth while to restate those issues as clearly and as judicially as possible. They are two: one a question of civic principle, the other a question of personnel.

I. Tammany states its fundamental principle in the opening sentence of its platform, which demands, "as essential to representative government, a responsible Democratic administration for this Democratic constituency." The Fusion platform is equally explicit in demanding a non-partisan administration for the city. The platform of Tammany is emphasized by the fact that behind it is an exclusively Democratic constituency; the platform of the Fusionists is equally emphasized by the fact that behind it is a constituency composed of Democrats, Republicans, Independents, and non-partisans. Which of these principles is likely to give the better government to the city? What answer has experience to give to this question?

America has tried on a large scale the Tammany principle of giving the administration of a great city to the party whose votes on National issues are in the majority in that city. The experiment has been almost uniformly attended with bad results. A Democratic constituency has demanded a Democratic administration in New York City, and it has been bad; a Republican constituency has demanded a Republican administration in Philadelphia, aud it has been bad. It would be difficult to name a city of considerable size in the country where partisan administration of municipal affairs has worked well. On the other hand, wherever non-partisanship has been introduced, the benefits have been both immediate and obvious. In many of the incorporated villages of New York State party lines are absolutely ignored in village elections, and uniformly with good results. The absence of party divisions in the town elections of New England has, with rare if any exceptions, operated to give an honest and generally a fairly efficient administration of town affairs. The principle of non-partisanship has worked equally well in school district elections. The action of a non-partisan committee in Chicago, supported, as it has been, by a majority of the citizens, has instituted a sorely needed reform in that city, In St. Louis Mr. Folk was elected, it is true, as a Democrat; but it is his non-partisan administration of the city that has brought to light the intolerable corruption which partisan administration had inflicted on that municipality. And whatever the optimist may hope as to the future, the impartial historian will not question that non-partisan adminis-

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tration gave to Brooklyn a government which both for purity and efficiency was never equaled by a purely partisan administration, whether Democratic or Republican, and that the two non-partisan administrations in New York City, under Mayor Strong and Mayor Low respectively, presented, in their comparatively honest and effective care of the interests of the city, a notable contrast to the partisan administrations which preceded each of them.

The reason for this is easily seen. Municipal questions are not identical with National questions. They are not even analogous. If in municipal elections men vote on party lines, if they vote to intrust the government of the city to Republicans because they are Republicans, or to Democrats because they are Democrats, they vote respecting one government for reasons which relate wholly to another government. It is not easy to define National issues, but let us say that Republicans favor a high protective tariff and Democrats a lowered tariff, Republicans favor a gold basis and Democrats free silver, Republicans wish to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency and Democrats Mr. Gorman or Mr. Cleveland. Then, if partisan lines are to prevail in municipal politics, the Republican will vote for a Republican Mayor because he believes in a high protective tariff, and in a gold standard, and in Mr. Roosevelt for President, and the Democrat will vote for a Democratic Mayor because he believes in a lowered tariff, and in free silver, and in Mr. Gorman or Mr. Cleveland for President. And on such questions as, How shall the streets be cleaned, the health be protected, the schools be administered, the rapid transit and water works carried on —by the municipality or by private corporations—their vote will express no opinion. This is not representative government. The voter might almost as well ask whether the proposed Mayor believes in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of protection, or Minister Combes's method of dealing with the religious associations in France. What is first of all necessary to representative government is that the voter shall vote on the questions which concern that government. If he does not do so, if he votes on questions which concern only some other government, he is not truly represented in the administration which he has helped to put in power.

But although National questions are not identical with municipal questions, it may be thought that the same tendencies manifest themselves in both local and Federal politics; that the Republican party represents one tendency and the Democratic party another tendency, and that the voter casts his vote rather for a general purpose than for specific policies. Broadly speaking, there are two such tendencies in all democratic communities, one of which seeks a strong government with enlarged functions, the other of which seeks a government of limited powers and with limited functions. And it has often been said that the Republican party is heir to the old Whig traditions and represents the first current of opinion, and that the Democratic party is heir to the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson and represents the second current. The Republican tendency, then, might be called socialistic, the Democratic tendency individualistic. Whatever truth there may be in this generalization—and all such seductive generalizations must be taken with great allowance—it does not apply to municipal politics. In Cleveland it is the Democratic party that is pledged to municipal ownership of municipal industries; on the contrary, in New York Tammany has given the streets in perpetual lease to a great corporation and would have given to another corporation the right to furnish the city with its water supply if it could have done so. At the same time this endeavor of a Democratic administration in New York has been paralleled by the action of a Republican administration in Philadelphia. Municipal history in the United States does not indicate that there is any general tendency toward individualism in the Democratic party or toward corporate control of public utilities in the Republican party; but rather that the policy of corporate control can be successfully effected only by a combined non-partisan action.

We have not cited here the experience

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of European cities, because it may be said that conditions in Europe and America differ; but that experience confirms the conclusion to which American experience and practical common sense both point—namely, that in municipal elections men should vote on municipal issues, not on National issues.

II. The other issue involved in the New York campaign is that of personnel. The question which the voters of the city have to answer in November is, To which of two sets of men will they intrust the care of their city; that is, subject to certain limitations imposed by the charter, to which will they intrust the administration of their charities, their docks, their public schools, their Fire Department, their Police and Health Departments, their minor courts of justice, their public works, the cleaning of their streets, and the expenditure, in this work, of the sum of nearly a hundred millions annually? On the answer which the voters give to this question, the economic, hygienic, educational, and moral welfare of the citizens of New York for the next two years will depend.

At the head of all this complicated mechanism Tammany proposes to put Mr. George B. McClellan; the Fusionists propose to put Mr. Seth Low. Mr. McClellan has had no executive or administrative experience; he has had no special business training; the public has no reason to suppose that he has any especial familiarity with either municipal problems or the complicated mechanism of municipal administration. He would be necessarily dependent on the counselors of larger familiarity in municipal affairs whom he might gather about him. And his past political career indicates a man not independent of political control but subservient to it. Mr. Seth Low has had business training; he has had experience of municipal affairs in two successive administrations in Brooklyn, and in one in New York City; and he has been at the head of a great university, and has carried it safely through a trying and difficult crisis. His honesty and his independence not even his enemies question; the severest charge brought against him is that he is not popular and will not be a vote-winner. If the voter were pecuniarily interested in a great corporation and had to choose one of these two to administer its affairs, the choice would be made without difficulty.

But the election will not only put at the head of the city one of these men, it will put in control of the affairs of the city one of two constituencies. For in a democratic community we elect, not an individual to power, but the party which he represents. The election of Mr. Gladstone is the election of the Liberal party; the election of Mr. Roosevelt is the election of the Republican party; so the election of Mr. McClellan will be the election of Tammany and the election of Mr. Low the election of the Fusionists. What is Tammany?

It is a private political club. In municipal affairs it is the master, not the servant, of the Democratic party. Mr. Murphy, the Tammany leader, has forced the nomination of Mr. McClellan on the Democratic Convention, without previous conference with other Democratic leaders, and he has done so in spite of the open protests of nearly one-third of the delegates and the unuttered protests of others. The real question of personnel is, Will the voters of the city of New York again submit the administration of the city, involving the economic, hygienic, intellectual, and moral welfare of nearly four millions of people, to this irresponsible political club? It has frequently done so before, but never with good results. The government was not good even under Mayor Hewitt; it was execrable under the régimes of Mr. Tweed and Mr. Croker. Mr. Croker has frankly and publicly stated his own political principles in the words, "I am in politics for what I can make out of it." That both he and his henchmen have made a great deal out of it is evident. This is not the principle of all Tammany men; but it is the principle which controls the organization and gives to it its power. There is no evidence that it has abandoned or modified this principle. Its rejection of Mr. Nixon as its leader indicates that it has not done so. There is no reason to believe that its administration of municipal affairs under the directing hand of Mr. Murphy would

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be any better than under the directing hand of Mr. Croker.

The constituency behind Mr. Low is one composed of very different elements. They differ on National issues; municipally they are united on the simple principle, Administration of the city's business on business principles. Doubtless there are some self-seekers and some doctrinaires among the Fusionists, as there are some disinterested and patriotic citizens in Tammany. But if every man who hopes to get something for himself—from a two-dollar-a-day job to a ten-thousand-dollar contract—were eliminated from the Tammany vote, it would stand no chance of carrying the election; if the same class of voters were eliminated from the Fusion constituency, its chances would not be materially lessened. Doubtless there are some virtuous and intelligent citizens identified with Tammany, and some ignorant and vicious men who will vote for the Fusion ticket. But, speaking broadly, the Tammany ticket will have the support of the lawless class of saloon-keepers, the gambling-hells, and the proprietors and patrons of the houses of prostitution, and the Fusion ticket will have the support of the clergy of all denominations, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jewish and Christian, and of nearly all the higher rank of educators. Doubtless Tammany may give us some honest and efficient officials—Mr. Coler proved himself as a Comptroller both honest and efficient—and the Fusionists may give us some incompetent ones, though probably not one who is dishonest. But, looking back, we know that Tammany has given us a Van Wyck and Fusion a Low, Tammany a Devery and Fusion a General Greene, Tammany a John Jasper and Fusion a Maxwell.

This, then, is the issue on which the citizens of New York have to pass next month, and it is a very simple one. Will they have a partisan government, administered under Tammany, the effects of which they have seen in the four years of Mr. Van Wyck's mayoralty, or will they have a non-partisan government under the control of men united only on one tenet, namely, the administration of the city's business on business principles, as that principle has been illustrated by two years of Mayor Low's mayoralty?

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"Parsifal" in New York

Mr. Conried's announcement that he proposed to produce "Parsifal" on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city early in the season has awakened the keenest interest among music-lovers in this community, and has evoked sharp discussion in this country and in Germany in regard to the propriety of presenting the opera elsewhere than at Baireuth. Under the German law "Parsifal" is protected for a term of thirty years, which will expire in 1913. During that time it cannot be produced anywhere in Germany except by the consent of the heirs of the composer. In this country, however, it is held by those who are arranging to produce the opera that it is not protected by copyright, and is free to all who care to produce it.

It has been widely stated that it was Wagner's express wish that "Parsifal" should not be produced anywhere but on the Baireuth stage; but this statement is said to be without foundation. The composer was very anxious that his operas should be confined originally to the playhouse at Baireuth because no other playhouse was constructed to give them adequate setting, and he was naturally very eager that, if produced at all, they should be produced with appropriate staging. His conception of an opera as an artistic whole demanded the very highest skill in stage setting and stage direction. It would have been impossible, during the early years, to present the Ring operas on any other stage except that at Baireuth without impairing the integrity of that great cycle. As soon, however, as facilities were provided in other theaters, the composer consented to the production of the Ring elsewhere. It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that this was the sole ground for confining the production of "Parsifal" to Baireuth, and it is said that during the last year of his life Wagner was in negotiation for the production of the opera elsewhere, assurances having been given him that it

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would be properly staged and presented in the spirit in which it was written. It is impossible to believe that so great an artist as Wagner would have desired to confine to any one locality the production of a work which he regarded, and which the world has come to regard, as one of the masterpieces of modern times.

A great work of art belongs to its creator in the sense that he has certain property rights in it created by statute and widely recognized as having their justification in the nature of property. It is very questionable whether authors are sufficiently protected and whether the very limited term in which the protection granted them by law continues is in any sense adequate. At present, under the copyright law in this country, a man may write a book which attains a classical position or great popularity in his youth and lose all claim upon it when he reaches middle life, or he may produce a great work in middle life, and in old age, when he needs the income of the work of his brain, be suddenly deprived of it. It should not be possible to use the work of a man's brain without paying him for it; nor, on the other hand, ought it to be possible to restrict the use of a great work of art. It belongs by right of creation both to its creator and to the world. Shakespeare, if he were living, would have both the legal and the moral right to receive revenue from every production of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," but he should have no moral right to limit their production to Stratford. The plays would belong to him in the sense that no man could print or produce them without paying for them; but they should belong to the public in the sense that their production could not be limited or hindered by any whim of the dramatist. "Parsifal" is too great a work to be presented only on the stage of the theater in Baireuth; it belongs to the world just as truly as does Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony," Tschaïkowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," Verdi's "Aïda," Chopin's "Nocturnes," or Wagner's "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," and the "Meistersänger."

It is announced that "Parsifal" will be produced with the utmost artistic thoroughness and care, in the spirit of its original production at Baireuth; and it is known that Mr. Conried has gone to very large expense in preparation for the event. It may be taken for granted that the great religious musical drama, which represented in a way the culmination of the artistic life and aspiration of Richard Wagner, will be presented with the dignity, seriousness, and artistic completeness which it must have if it is to be properly interpreted. Mr. Conried's record as the manager of the Irving Place Theater is a sufficient assurance that he will spare neither time nor money to present Richard Wagner's great work as Richard Wagner conceived it. There is, however, a good deal of doubt about the audience. "Parsifal" is listened to at Baireuth, by an audience drawn from all parts of the world, in a profoundly serious spirit. It is treated, if not as a religious performance, certainly as a great work of art. If it is not presented in the religious spirit, it is desecrated and profaned. Derived from one of the noblest of the mediæval traditions, receiving its first shaping at the hands of Wolfram von Eschenbach, one of the greatest of the German epic poets, it was lifted by Wagner to a still loftier level and stands almost alone on the modern stage in its spiritual symbolism. The fact that it culminates in a representation of the celebration of the Holy Communion is a sufficient description of its inherent solemnity and its distinct religious character. To present such an opera to a fashionable audience who attend upon its performance as a society function would be to divest it of its artistic dignity and rob it of its religious significance.

"Parsifal" requires both a noble interpretation and a noble hearing. That it will receive the interpretation there is little doubt; but there is a serious question whether it will receive a proper hearing. Mr. Conried owes it to Wagner's work to present it under conditions which will secure the right kind of audience. If the opera is to begin here, as at Baireuth, in the afternoon, it is probable that that fact will sift the audience and will collect those who understand and love music from those who go simply

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because the opera is a part of the society life of the city.

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The Persistence of Faith

A fortnight ago a dinner was given in New York City to Robert Crowe, the old Chartist tailor whose reminiscences of his imprisonment during the great English labor agitation for manhood suffrage were published in The Outlook two years ago. The dinner was arranged by some of the leaders in the trades-union movement in New York, and the principal speakers were men who had joined this movement when it meant sacrifices for the future of their fellows, instead of immediate power and material gains for themselves. The occasion of the dinner was the completion of Mr. Crowe's eightieth year, and the simultaneous publication of his autobiography. Among those who attended the dinner were men and women outside the ranks of labor, who were glad to join in honoring the old tailor whose life had been a humble struggle for high ideals and who happily had lived to hear the verdict of the next generation upon the ideals to which his youth was devoted.

To all who attended the dinner it was a remarkable occasion. In the first place, as might perhaps have been expected, it brought out vividly how much more men really honor those who have sacrificed themselves for ideals than they do those who, seeking material success, have achieved it. In the next place, as no one expected, the principal theme of the evening was neither the trades-unionist movement nor even the Chartist movement, but the total abstinence movement, to which Mr. Crowe and the older speakers had all been devoted during their whole lives, and the religious faith which sustained him and them.

It was the religious faith expressed that was the most striking feature of the addresses. Mr. Crowe, indeed, was known to be a devout Roman Catholic, but it was not from him that the most thrilling expressions came. These, on the contrary, came from two veterans in the labor movement who have long been outside the Church, and have often been classed as infidels because of their hostility to ecclesiastical institutions on account of their apparent indifference to the cause of the struggling and the poor. The toast-master of the evening was Mr. J. W. Sullivan, the author of "Direct Legislation"—the book which more than any other has stirred the trades-unions of America to demand that our people, like the Swiss, be given the right to pass upon the work of their representatives before it becomes law. Mr. Sullivan's address was from the beginning pitched high in moral feeling, and it reached its climax when, in reviewing Mr. Crowe's long life, he said in substance, addressing him: "The physical part of you has been changed many, many times, so that not one particle of your old body remains. But the indomitable spirit which lived in you all these years, and was you, has never changed. It lives on, and I believe it will live on when your present body is laid aside." Then he went on to declare a faith in immortality which stirred those present as the most orthodox of them had rarely been stirred in churches. This address of Mr. Sullivan's struck the religious note, and it was followed by one from Edward King hardly less remarkable and even more unexpected, because Mr. King, in addition to having been for years the best-known spokesman of the New York labor movement, has been the chief lecturer of the Positivist Society. Mr. King's expression was this: "No theology or want of theology has ever shaken my faith that whatever is good in man lives forever."

These declarations of unswerving belief in immortality, it may be added, were made at a dinner at which one of the letters of regret came from Dr. Felix Adler, the lecturer of the Ethical Society, and commonly regarded—by those who do not know his moral faith in spiritual laws—as the foremost representative of agnosticism in New York City. Agnostic he is as regards much which the theology of the past has undertaken to define with exactness, and yet only a few months ago Dr. Adler published this statement of his attitude toward immortality: "Only this

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I feel warranted in holding fast to—that the root of my selfhood, the best that is in me, my true and only being, cannot perish. In regard to that the notion of death seems to be irrelevant." Those who sometimes fear that faith is perishing from the earth must find in declarations like these fresh evidence of the truth that the religious nature of man is as unalterable as his physical nature, and must forever be sustained by a faith which satisfies its spiritual hunger. As Sabatier has happily expressed it, "Man is incurably religious."

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been visiting in Vermont in County Fair time, and if there is any pleasanter time to visit the Green Mountain State, he has not found it. It takes hard work to get a living by farming in Vermont, and there is an air of dogged industry about the workers in field and dairy at most seasons which makes the visitor's leisure seem almost impertinent. But when autumn has lit a few of her crimson torches on the maple-crested hills, and the great loads of fragrant hay are all brought in, and the corn is cut and the silos are full, then the Vermonter relaxes his everlasting energy, or rather turns it toward enjoyment, with equally strenuous results. Up and down the broad elm-shaded roads on every barn and fence shine forth the alluring posters of the county fairs. The farmer has fairs to the right of him, fairs to the left of him, fairs in front of him, and his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of them all. The three-seated wagon is brought out of the barn, the best clothes are put on, and the household sets forth, joining the procession, on pleasure bent, of all the neighboring buggies, surreys, three and four seated wagons, daytons, dog-carts, bicycles, and even automobiles (for Vermont is progressive), that fill the roads and journey toward the fair of the moment, in whichever direction it may lie.

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There are, the Spectator found, about two fairs a week in the full tide of the season, each lasting three or four days, so that every day is a fair-day somewhere. The Spectator was able to "take in" only three fairs, but he would have liked to keep on indefinitely, for the charm is a cumulative one. In the first place, the start from the farm in the morning is perennially attractive. There are Vermonters who go to fairs by train, and the railroads give special rates; but who would give up a twelve to twenty mile drive over the hills and far away for a stuffy, crowded car in a cindery train? Half of the fun lies on the way to the fair, up green heights and down wooded valleys, where brown trout streams flash alluringly into view. The trout get a rest in fair time, though, and must keep a festival of their own over it. The goldenrod and purple aster and cardinal-flower and marsh-marigold are all in their glory by roadside and stream; the air is molten sunshine; the colts are frisking in the hillside pastures, and bunches of soft-eyed, clumsy calves stare at the passing teams over one another's backs. Here go a half-dozen deer-like Jerseys down the road, driven by a tanned young owner, who expects them to win a premium at the fair that opens to-morrow at Brandon. What is the pretty girl, in the next wagon the Spectator meets, holding so carefully in her lap? The oil painting that she is taking to the art exhibit of the Cambridge fair, to which her mother is sending the pickles and preserves that are packed so snugly in the space under the seats. If grandmother has an ancient sampler, or a hooked rug, or a rising-sun quilt to send along, so much the better—that goes, too. Everything goes, to use the slang phrase, in fair time in Vermont, and everything gets there.

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As the wagon drew nearer the fair-ground, the Spectator noticed, each time, that the houses wore a deserted look. Everybody had gone to the fair. The throng of vehicles kept on thickening, and it always seemed doubtful how so many teams could be cared for while their owners were enjoying the giddy delights of the occasion. But the repeated legend, "Ten cents a hitch," now

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began to appear at points close to the fence that inclosed the fair-grounds. For this moderate sum the canny Vermonter can leave his horse in safety while he wends his way inside with his women-folk. The Spectator's host, however, had other plans. He drove his team inside the grounds, where he found a place to tie them, and, having brought a big bag of oats, left them comfortably enjoying themselves under the supervision, at the first fair attended, of an acquaintance who had the "popcorn privilege" and whose stand was close by. The popcorn privilege must have been a substantial one, too, for every child on the grounds had a large, sticky, pink-and-white ball of that delectable dainty, the stickiness being imparted by clover honey, fresh, so to speak, from the bee. City popcorn is but a poor thing alongside of this pastorally delicious Vermont variety.

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The next thing to do at a Vermont fair, after feeding the horses, is to feed one's self, apparently. A clean white tent offered the mysterious attraction of a "Methodist chicken-pie dinner." The Spectator could not puzzle out what a Methodist chicken might be, but he concealed his ignorance and sat down at a long table, where abundant rations of delicious home-made chicken pie, pickles, bread, cake, coffee, and various other good things to eat were served by women evidently of note and importance. The puzzle was solved; it was the Ladies' Aid Society of the nearest Methodist church, who had taken the lunch "privilege" at this particular fair in order to make money for their church needs; and the Spectator, for one, will remember that Methodist chicken pie gratefully as long as life lasts. At the next fair he went to, twenty miles in the other direction, there was a Baptist chicken-pie dinner, and, at the third, Congregational ice-cream was served. All of these ecclesiastical refreshments were so superlatively good that the Spectator is sure that no one can come away from a Vermont fair without a new love for the Church, regardless of denominational lines. Perhaps our institutional churches may find a hint here of a new way to reach the popular heart.

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The Spectator carried away from each fair a delightfully confused impression of sunshine, dust, prize cattle and chickens, fast horses, patchwork quilts, mammoth pumpkins and stalks of corn, red-painted machinery, hand-painted china, cut flowers, doughnuts and layer-cakes, pies and preserves. His hostess shuddered visibly whenever the jars of preserves came in sight, and she had excellent reasons for it, for it seemed that she had been one of three judges at a county fair the year before, and the other two ladies had been unavoidably absent. "I tasted the whole two hundred and eleven jars of preserves," she said, paling at the retrospect, "and I had the worst spell of sickness afterward that I've had in ten years!" The Spectator could not help feeling that, even divided by three, the job of judging preserves at a fair was calculated to appall the stoutest stomach—but Vermonters are a hardy race, and they have had county fairs for uncounted generations.

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The coming generation was at all the fairs, in full force. Some of the sunburned, sturdy boys were barefoot, some were choked up in unaccustomed collars, but all were happy in the noise, the popcorn, and the side-shows. The Vermont fair is so much a family resort that its recreations are, as far as the Spectator could see, unusually innocent and wholesome. Prohibition, too, has set its mark upon them. Neither on the road coming home nor in the grounds was there any visible intoxication. Local option may change this, but it is at present a quite remarkable feature. One other thing the Spectator noticed, not so promising for the future of the fairs. The small exhibitor is apparently being crowded out by the large professional exhibitor, especially in fancy live stock. From fair to fair these large exhibits are moved, winning the prizes everywhere, and discouraging the very people whom the fairs are meant to help—the resident farmers.

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The Church Militant in the Feud Belt

By William E. Barton, D.D.

I AM much interested in newspaper comment on the invasion of the feud belt of Kentucky by the Salvation Army. It is rarely safe to prophesy that anything will surprise the newspapers, but two things will surprise the salvationists. The first will be the fact that none of them get killed. They have summoned themselves to heroic resolution to enter a terrible place in peril of their lives. They have gone, however, to perhaps the safest locality they could have selected. No brickbats will assail them on their march through Breathitt County, as might occur to them in New York or Chicago; no over-ripe fruit or too zealously hoarded eggs will turn to flying missiles in their meetings, hitting the drum with the "dull, sickening thud" of the stereotyped newspaper report. Such things are reserved for Boston and Philadelphia. The Salvation Army can probably hold its meetings in the Breathitt County Court-House if it wants to; and if it convenes its services in the middle of the day, between sessions of the court, it can probably overrun the time a little if the meeting is fervent and the testimonies are not all in. And any Salvation Army lassie may safely trust herself alone on a mountain road under the protection of one of the feudists, or accept the invitation of his wife to "go by" and spend the night in his home.

To be sure, it is just possible that an Army officer might so conduct himself as to win the displeasure of the mountaineers and cause him to receive an invitation to depart, and sometimes stray bullets hit even good people in the mountains. But these are possibilities hardly to be considered. The Army is safe.

The next surprise will be the discovery that the feudists are Hardshell Baptists of long and approved standing. I have been surprised in like manner. Twenty years ago there was a feud whose name was well known but now is forgotten, and will be remembered by few when I recall it, though at the time it involved the calling out of the militia. Just at the time when the militia had gone back, finding no one to shoot—though the mountaineers might easily have made short work of the militia had they cared to do so—and the feud was about over because the Stampers had killed off all the Underwoods, I traveled over the grass-grown roads across the ridge that separated the districts that had been at war, and I visited personally all the prominent survivors of the feud. When I came to the home of old George Stamper, the leader, I stayed over night. What did we talk about that long autumn evening as he and I sat by the open fire? Not the advantage of globe-and-peep sights for long range, nor yet the relative merits of the new model Colt against those of the hammerless double-action Smith & Wesson. Mr. Stamper's knowledge of these new discoveries of science would have been of the latest, and I too had opinions on those subjects. But we talked about religion. Old George Stamper is a zealous follower of Alexander Campbell, a stickler for the name "Christian," which he uses as belonging peculiarly to his sect, a contender for baptism by immersion only, and a student of the Bible, chiefly, I fear, for controversial purposes. Had I been a Salvationist, seeking his conversion, he would have received me, bass drum and all, with open hospitality, welcomed me to stay as long as I liked under his roof, and discussed the five points of Calvinism with me nightly for a month.

It would be somewhat easy to arrive at the conclusion that a religion which permits its adherents to kill one another on sight is of very little value, and might be counted a failure. I do not agree. It makes a difference who is killed and how he is killed. Very few people in Kentucky are killed, some would say, who cannot be spared as well as not. The religion of the

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Kentucky mountains, defective as it is, has done much for its people. It would be easy to say that a State whose courts could convict the alleged murderer of Goebel as they have, in a manner that clearly exhibited conviction as a foregone conclusion, were worthless as means of securing good order. But let any man interrupt the Salvationist meeting in the court-house square in Jackson with anything save a fervent Hallelujah, and he is likely to get thirty days in as dingy a jail as ever figured in the statistics of prison reform. No, the courts are not failures, even though they do gross injustice; and religion in the Kentucky mountains is not a failure, even though theologians are careful to carry on their discussions with back to the wall, face toward the door, and the right hand never too far from the hip pocket. The theology and the justice of the courts are about on a par—both are too ready at the trigger always to hit the bull's eye.

It is just possible that the Salvation Army will do some real good. Breathitt County is conservative, and will be likely to look askance at the innovations of the Army. But before it is through it may have some well-known local good shots pounding the drum and marching in red jerseys around the court-house square.

Yet the Salvation Army is not what the Kentucky mountains most need. It is not adapted to work permanent good among the stolid inhabitants of the hills, nor is its crude and noisy theology an improvement on what they already possess. The mountains need an intelligent faith, an educated but home-grown ministry, the elevation of the institutions already existing among them, and the inspiration of new ideals.

It is a mistake, and I believe a fatal mistake, to assume that the mere advance of civilization can be trusted to work out the salvation of a belated people. What first reaches them of civilization is generally only commercial, and not always the best type of the commercial. You cannot civilize a backwoodsman by swindling him on the sale of his sawlogs. Nor is it a sure sign of added virtue when mountain girls discard the home-made linsey-woolsey for gaudy cotton print bought at the store, or cast aside the sunbonnet for that hideous invention of Satan, the store bonnet. What the mountains of Kentucky most need is not better roads or telegraphs or libraries or theaters, any more than what the churches most need to give to the people in our slums is primarily entertainment. Sometimes they make that mistake. The Salvationists are right in their assumption that what the people of the feud belt most need is religion. They have religion already, such as it is; and that it is as good as it is should afford occasion for gratitude. Strengthen the hands of Berea College, and multiply by ten its power for good; extend the work of the American Missionary Association into sections beyond the railroads, where it need not compete with depraved civilization—and it will still have enough to compete with—and we shall be doing something to prevent feuds.

Fifteen years ago I had a day-dream whose fulfillment would have cost, I estimated, ten thousand dollars a year for five years. It involved the sending of nine men and their wives into four mountain counties then untouched by railroads. They were to be sent, not to do missionary work, but to live in those counties. I believe I am right in saying that Jesus distinctly did not come on earth to do missionary work, but to live among men, teaching, helping, inspiring them, and filling their lives with new ideals and hopes. Things have changed much in fifteen years, and I could not now be one of the nine; but the plan is still feasible. The Salvation Army cannot do the work that is needed for coming days, however much it may do of immediate good. Nor can commerce alone civilize; you cannot reform the mountains of Kentucky by smashing its stills and sending in by rail the infamous whisky of Cincinnati. The Salvationists are right. The mountains need religion; and that brings the situation up to us.

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An Open Letter to Chekib Bey

To His Excellency Chekib Bey, H. I. M. the Sultan's Minister to the United States.

Bey Effendi:

IN the London "Times's" Washington telegrams of August 30 you are reported as follows: "Chekib Bey said he was advised that certain missionaries when they went to Turkey were constantly inciting the Armenians against the Mussulmans. He thought he would not remain long in the United States if he were to establish a school for negroes in Washington and his teachers were to tell the pupils that they should not submit to lynching, but should rebel."

By ten years' experience I know that in your country it is not permitted to criticise any word or act of an official; but as you are now in my country, where different customs prevail, I shall take the liberty of challenging your statement.

It is significant that your Excellency did not mention the exact source whence your advices on this subject emanated. You could not have had direct testimony from Muslims, since the missionaries would not incite the Armenians against them in the presence of Muslims—that being a perilous procedure for both missionary and Armenian. There is, however, another possible source of your information. I am "advised" by an American lady, who is not a missionary, but who was very recently in Harput, that eight Armenians under arrest there have this very summer been beaten and otherwise tortured to make them state that they furnished arms to Professor Tenekedjian, of Harput College, and that the missionaries were at least passive accessories. But in my country testimony given under torture is not regarded as worthy of a moment's consideration. Pardon me for suggesting, Bey Effendi, that you should not give publicity to slanderous statements for which you cannot produce reliable authority.

You thought you would not remain long in the United States if you established a school for negroes in Washington in which the teachers incited the students to rebel. Probably not. But let me point out to your Excellency that many schools for negroes now exist in the United States. There is one in Washington called Howard University. One at Nashville, Tennessee, is named Fisk University, and another in Virginia is called Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. I advise you to visit these schools, as you will see in them work of exactly the same kind as the American institutions in Turkey are carrying on. I assert positively, unequivocally, and without fear of honest contradiction that the students of Howard, Fisk, and Hampton are incited by their teachers to rebel against the United States Government exactly as much as the students of any American educational institution in Turkey are incited by *their* teachers to rebel against the Imperial Ottoman Government. I admit that we teach our pupils that the earth is round, which point a captain in the Turkish army recently disputed with me. Also we teach them to read and write, which I am credibly informed that the Alai Bey (Chief of Gendarmes) of the Salonika province is unable to do, although his position would seem to require a man of intelligence. I remember also that when a chaoush (sergeant of gendarmes) arrested my colleague, the Rev. J. H. House, D.D., at the village of Grumen in the summer of 1900, and, after first threatening to imprison him in a stable, drove him before him like a horse six miles to the city of Nevrocope—I remember that the Chief of Police in Nevrocope excused the man on the ground that he could not read. And the chaoush, thus excused, expressed his regret afterwards that he had not beaten Dr. House! It is possible that teaching people to read and write does tend to make them dissatisfied with such officials. But is that the fault of the missionary or the official?

I must now make some statements which it will pain your Excellency to

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read, but missionaries have so often suffered misrepresentation in silence that it seems to me high time to speak out. In proof that I am animated by no personal prejudice against Mussulmans I cite my letters to the London "Spectator" of April 4, May 2, and June 13, in which I defended your race against what seemed to me exaggerated charges of cruelty by a British writer. I wish to discuss briefly the question, Who *does* incite the Armenians, Bulgarians, etc., against the Turks?

On a mission tour in the central part of this vilayet, two years ago, I met a man who seemed full of hatred toward the Mussulmans. The reason he gave was the following. He had lately been arrested on suspicion of disloyalty. He said that in the prison he was kept standing on his feet forty-eight hours to make him confess. The guards were changed every few hours, but each set had orders not to let him sit nor lie down, nor sleep standing. He was prodded whenever he showed inclination to do this. He said that formerly it had been the custom to beat prisoners, but they made such an outcry that outside sympathy was aroused. So new methods had been adopted. Some men were kept from three to four days and nights without sleep, being pricked with bayonets, or otherwise aroused, every time they shut their eyes. Others were kept standing till their feet would swell so that they could not support them. Then they were hung up by the feet until the blood settled back into the body, and then stood on their feet until they swelled again. The relatives of a man in the same town told me that when he was released from prison they had to take him home and doctor him a few days before he could go to his village, his feet were so swollen from standing. Now, these people seemed much incited against the Turks, but it was not the work of any missionary. It seemed to me that the officials themselves were the inciters.

In August of 1897 I visited the Razlog district in which the papers say that an outbreak is now imminent. Just before my arrival a band of eighty gendarmes had scoured the district, searching for *komitajis*. They were commanded by Yuzbashi Osman Effendi, Nischli. The following incident was told me by men of whose veracity I have no doubt. The band reached Bansko village on July 26. Next morning about twenty of the leading men went to pay their respects to the commander. His greeting was: "Dogs, why did you not come to bid me welcome last night?" After storming thus for a time he began with the man seated nearest him, and demanded his name. He was kodjabashi, or head man of his ward. Osman Effendi ordered him thrown down on his face, and then, while one gendarme held down his head and another his feet, the commander himself grasped with both hands a cudgel about a yard and a half long, cut from the forest, and struck the prostrate man four blows on the seat with all his strength. This man was then lifted up, and each of the others thrown down in turn and similarly beaten. Among them were five members of the Mejlis, or council, which is supposed to help govern the district. Another kodjabashi, while standing, was punched so violently in the back with the butts of rifles as to cause hemorrhage from the mouth, and he was still having hemorrhages from this cause when I was there a month later. It was not missionaries but Turks who incited these people against the Mussulmans. I might multiply instances many-fold, but have selected some which occurred before the present disturbances arose, and which may help you understand, in part, why they have arisen.

To refer to one or two painful historical questions. There were no American missionaries in Greece before 1830. Who, then, incited the Greeks to revolt from the Ottoman Empire? There never have been any missionaries in what is now Servia. Who incited the Servians to revolt? There were no missionaries in Crete. What caused the Cretan insurrection? I shall not attempt to answer these questions. I merely ask them in order to point out the unkindness of charging the missionaries with inciting the people against their rulers every time a disturbance occurs in any part of the Empire where

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missionaries happen to reside. The fact is that the missionaries are too busy with their spiritual and philanthropic work to meddle in other matters, and they warn their native associates to keep clear of political agitation and agitators, as absorption in such affairs always diminishes a man's usefulness as a propagator of evangelical truth.

To speak plainly, Bey Effendi, your Government's present trouble with my country is due to your presuming too much upon the past kindness of the United States to Turkey. When your soldiers burned our college at Harput, our Government pressed for indemnity without making any naval demonstration. You paid up after six years of teasing on our part. This impressed your authorities with the *persistence* of the United States, perhaps, but not with her *prowess*. Within the last two years you have granted certain privileges and immunities to the religious and educational institutions of every great power on the globe except the United States. When she modestly asked for like treatment, you began the old game of evasion and procrastination, which you have carried on now for many months. You arrested Professor Tenekedjian, and have tried in various ways to show that our institutions were detrimental to your interests. Now, if, instead of spreading slanders about the missionaries inciting the Armenians against the Mussulmans, etc., you will just wire your Government that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay mean business, and that the six years' delay will not be granted this time, you will perform the most useful service you can render it. All issues between the two Governments can be settled in a half-day, our fleet will withdraw, and Turkey can give her undivided attention to the many perplexing problems which harass her on every side.

Excuse my Western bluntness of speech, Bey Effendi, and believe me,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD B. HASKELL.
American Mission, Salonika, Turkey.

A Laboring Man who Attained His Rights

By J. Cleveland Hall

I.—THE FARM

LITTLE Tommy Packard follows the plow across the field. The plow-lines hang about his shoulders. A quick pull at the ropes that serve as reins, now and then a word of encouragement to the horses, and an occasional stumble over the clods, serve to punctuate the thoughts surging through his quick and active brain.

Those thoughts are somewhat retrospective. The sun's shining seems not more bright than the smile upon the dear mother face which the magic of memory has brought back from the grave. The bursting buds of spring in yonder forest are not more charged with the promise of hope than are the words of his dying father. And also the picture of the seminary home of a childhood that seems long ago; of the studies there begun under the principal, his father; of the parting with soldier brothers at the seminary gate—all was promise of a happy life, of joy, and perhaps of fame; all was hope, all was brightness, until, the home in ashes, brothers killed, father and mother laid away broken-hearted, here is little Tommy Packard making furrows in a neighbor's field, and making them as straight as a boy can walk, for his board and clothes; and he scarce fourteen years of age.

He thinks of the library in his father's school. He recalls the many books on those shelves he had not had opportunity to read, the studies only just begun, the ambitions now never again to be entertained.

Tommy stamps his foot into a clod, reaches the end of the furrow, and turns;

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and as he turns rebellion enters his heart. The whole boyish mind turns with horses and plow; turns away from the present, from the plowing of fields, the caring for horses, the milking of cows, away from the past, its brightness, its sorrows, its disappointments, towards a future that will give a boy his "rights." The past has not done it. The present does not do it. The future shall.

The boy finishes his plowing, carefully turning every furrow. He stables his horses, briskly rubbing them down while they eat. The cows are milked, cans filled for the night's shipment; and then Tommy leaves the other hands at their supper, finds his employer, and has a long talk about what his boyish mind considers as his "rights."

II.—THE PAINT-SHOP

Tommy is "cleaner and sweeper" and general assistant in the paint-shop of the car-repair shops of the X and Z Railroad.

He helps to move benches and scaffolds; he hands brushes and buckets to the men; he mixes plain ore paints under the instructions of the "boss."

He listens while the men in the shop discuss the subject of what they call "the laboring man's rights." Their minds seem to run upon this subject as earnestly as his ever ran upon the subject of his "rights." Nevertheless, the "rights" they talked about seemed to be very different things from those that caused him to lie awake nights.

Just now he longed for and determined to have the "right" to use a paint-brush.

A little practice at night, a little more practice at noon under the direction of one of the men, and soon Tommy is seated upon a scaffold, and another boy has his place as "cleaner and shop-boy."

But Tommy still sees "rights" that he does not yet possess. "Car-painter" is a good trade, but "car-striper" is a better. Tommy tells himself that he must have the "right" to use the striping brush. And so night and noon he practices, until, at sixteen, Tommy has the "design" in his hand, mixes fine colors, and uses gold bronze.

And now the whir and roar of the machinery in the adjoining shop disturbs him. Tommy—almost Tom—Packard will not have his rights until he knows the "how and wherefore" of that planing machinery.

A day comes when "overtime" is worked in the planing-shop. The machinery runs all night. The first part of that night Tommy "stands around." By midnight he is assisting a workman to place boards in position. At one A.M. he is in bed. At seven he is on his scaffold, striping delicately the interior of a parlor coach as carefully as if the question of his "rights as a laboring man" had never disturbed his brain.

Two years go by. Tom is now eighteen.

III.—THE CARPENTER-SHOP

Tom Packard has his "rights." He has a "machine;" is one of the "mechanics;" is a "master mechanic;" but still his "rights" stretch out before him unattained. He has his "rights," but not all his "rights." "Master mechanic" is all very well, but he, Tom Packard, most certainly has the "right" to be a "master car-builder." No one can deny it. That trestle-board bench along that row of windows, in a room adjoining the carpenter-shop, haunts his dreams. But not for long.

The machine work is now automatic, as it always becomes to the "master." And so the books he reads at night on "designing," the practice and observation of the noon hour and the evenings, all pass in review, while, as a "mechanic," Tom mechanically guides the work of his machine.

At twenty-four Tom Packard is a "master car-builder."

At about this time the machine-shops are moved to the yards in which he works. The foundry, the wheel-shop, the boiler-shop, the roundhouse—all contain some of Tom Packard's "rights." And little by little he wrests from each, systematically, methodically, at odd hours, during overtime, in night study, in noon observation, in all-day reflection, from one department at a time, Tom Packard's "rights" to the workings of that shop and machinery.

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Tom Packard is thirty-five years old; a master car-painter, a master mechanic, a master car-builder, a master machinist.

IV.—THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE

Tom Packard is now "boss" or "foreman" of car repairs. He has the repair-shops and the paint-shops under him, employing some four hundred men.

Known as a mechanic of great skill in the handling of heavy machinery, when an engine runs off the track into a mill-race a few miles away, and the dexterity of the regular wrecker's crew and outfit is in vain exerted to raise and save her, Packard is sent for. In an hour the engine is on the tracks. And there and then began a new fight for his "rights." Tom Packard determines to master and improve the "wrecking service," and soon has an outfit and crane-car of his own devising, which saves the company many an item in the expense account.

When on his excursions to scenes of accident which this service (unremunerated) makes necessary, Packard sees more of his "rights" lying unused along the line of the X and Z Railroad. He certainly has a right to know how a railroad is graded, how tunnels are built, how bridges are constructed. No one would deny that these are his "rights."

And so we see a master car-builder's "sanctum sanctorum" constructed out of an old condemned freight-car in the yard, where, from seven to ten, in the strictest retirement and seclusion, known only to the night watchman of the yard, every night the foreman of car repairs studies higher mechanics, bridge-building, hydraulics, and all else that will conduce to the attainment of his "rights" by a man who is determined to know the construction of railroads as a business from the rolling stock to ballast and foundation of grade.

V.—THE RAILROAD OFFICIAL'S PRIVATE CAR

But while Tom Packard is making such an earnest fight to attain his "rights," as he conceives the same, there are certain "rights" belonging to him of which he has never dreamed, but whlch are seriously being considered by the X and Z Railroad Company.

The Company has long had in mind the creation of an office having in its charge the entire construction and repair work of the system and its branches. But a man possessing the necessary capability for handling so vast and varied responsibility was not easy to find. However, for two years the management has been watching one of their own laborers fighting stubbornly for his "rights." And now they decide, in a full meeting of the Board of Directors, that Thomas H. Packard is the man.

And thus it is that at forty-five years of age he who was "Tommy" on the farm and in the paint-shop, "Tom" in carpenter and machine shop, "Packard" in the foreman's office, is now "Thomas H. Packard," one of the general officers of the X and Z Railroad Company, and rides in his own private car, with some seven or eight groups of shops under his supervision, employing nearly as many thousand men.

And yet Thomas H. Packard is not satisfied that he has even now all his "rights."

"I Longed for Love"

By Florence Earle Coates

I longed for love, and, eager to discover
Its hiding-place, I wandered far and wide;
And as, forlorn, I sought the lone world over,
Unrecognized, love journeyed at my side.

I craved for peace, and priceless years expended
In unrewarded search from shore to shore;
But, home returned, the weary seeking ended,
Peace welcomed me where dwelt my peace of yore!

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The New American Navy

More Personal Reminiscences[1]

By John D. Long

Secretary of the Navy from 1897 to 1902

THE navy had come to be a matter of so much interest to the people at large that there were constant demands upon the Secretary for representation of it in the various cities and towns of the country. Every State, of course, desired to have its name given to a man-of-war. No State was content with anything less than the biggest battle-ship. One Senator came to me in great distress fearing that he would lose his re-election because a ship of not quite that size had been named for his State; and yet Congress, and he in it, had voted that names of States should be given to that class of vessels. Cities and towns were hardly content with vessels of smaller tonnage. Senators and Representatives were eager for these distinctions, and, while the quest cost them a good deal of shoe-leather, I appreciated the obligation they felt to their great constituencies, and was in sympathy with their efforts in this and in other directions to serve the interests of their people and—not to put too fine a point on it—their own. If there was a celebration on any coast or up any navigable river, the neighboring municipal authorities called for a naval vessel to receive their citizens on board and to send its bluejackets to march in the inevitable procession. The Department was glad to comply with these requests whenever it could, for the navy belongs to the people who pay its bills, and it is a mutually good thing to have them brought in personal contact with it. It sometimes happened that a gunboat went so far up-stream that it stuck in the mud, though full assurance and certificates from all the local pilots that there was ample water had been given to the Department, and was obliged to wait, sometimes a pretty long time, for a rise in the river. The Marine Band, one of the best musical organizations of its kind in the country, was always in demand, not only in Washington, but elsewhere. The difficulty in complying with this demand is twofold: first, the need of the band in its regular duties; and, second, the universal protest from the musicians' union of the country. The protest of the latter was put strongly on the ground that the members of the Marine Band are paid by the Government at the expense of the whole body of taxpayers, among whom is the fraternity of musicians at large. It was urged that it was not fair to the latter to be compelled to compete with these favored few. The result was that these requests were refused except on occasions of immediate National character or occasions arising from some special appropriation of Congress.

Aside from these public demands were the numberless cases of personal calls. These covered every phase, not only of the Navy Department, but of the whole political and social arena. Some of the most delightful experiences were those which enabled the Secretary to help a friend from home on his way in this respect. Delegations of excursionists would file through the Secretary's room in each of the departments to shake hands and look at whatever objects of interest the department affords, and among them was pretty sure to be some old acquaintance. Sometimes a good turn could be done by taking the visitor to the White House and getting him a half-minute with the President, whose patience was unlimited and who always had a gracious word and greeting. I remember one dear old friend of mine, a clergyman, who came to me hoping to get a place for his son. The son was out of health and the father thought that the climate of the Cape of Good Hope would be helpful. He had seen that there was a vacancy in the position of consul at some town there. I was

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happy to go with him to the Department of State, where the matter was looked up. It was found that the place was vacant. I said, as I could well say, a hearty word for my friend, and the official in charge seemed to think that the position could be had. There was hardly time for a happy smile to fully illuminate the face of the good clergyman before the official added, "Do you know what the compensation is?" and on our saying that we did not, he informed us that during the last year it had amounted to one dollar and fifty cents, and that the place was generally held by some local resident, although for some time past nobody had been found who would take it. It is needless to say that the young man did not go to the Cape of Good Hope.

An amusing incident was a call which I had from a most worthy gentleman, who said that he had been detailed by the Civil Service Reform Association of his State to come to Washington and protest in behalf of good politics against a bill to transfer the clerks of the Census Bureau, who had been appointed without civil service examination and whose work was now finished, into the ranks of the regular civil service. He said that this was utterly indefensible and an injustice to persons who had passed the examination and were entitled to enter the civil service in their due turn, and who, if this bill passed, would be set back and many of them would lose their opportunity altogether. He said it was a blow at civil service reform, that we in Washington had no idea of the feeling which the bill had aroused in the home States, and that the principle of appointment upon examination and merit and not upon personal influence and favoritism must be enforced. As he rose to go, he turned back and said, in the most innocent and entirely sincere manner, "Governor, by the way, I have a boy about twenty years old, who is trying to do something in a business house but does not seem to succeed. He is a good boy and I want to get him a place. I thought that perhaps you or some of our friends here would have influence enough to help me get him a position in some of these departments?" I did not even smile. I knew that a more sincere and honest soul never lived, and that it was the usual example of a man of genuine devotion to principle as applied to the world at large, yet utterly blind and unconscious when his own self-interest is concerned.

The professional reformer is sometimes disingenuous. I remember one who, speaking at a civil service reform banquet and overlooking the fact that the Navy Department was run with strict adherence to civil service rules, gratuitously charged that they were violated in a near-by navy yard. I immediately wrote him to give me specifications of the misconduct, so that I might go for it. This request he refused, which I thought unmanly, but, after long effort and delay, I got the information through the National civil service organization and had an investigation by it, which showed the charge unwarranted and groundless except as a rehash of incidents occurring years before. But the false impression, unretracted, had been made and the good name of the Navy Department misrepresented in a respect in which no other department, National or State, had a better record.

Since the Dolphin was built, the Secretary of the Navy has occasionally used her for his official trips. Her service has been varied, once going round the world and thus discrediting the vicious report that, evidently under political pressure, was made after her delivery by her builder as to her unseaworthiness. She served gallantly during the war on the Cuban coast, and afterwards in surveying South American waters. It was on board her that the Secretary visited the various navy-yards and the Naval Academy at the War College. The run down the Potomac, through Chesapeake Bay, into the harbor of New York, through Long Island Sound, into New London, Newport, Boston, and Portsmouth, and along the coast of Maine to the coaling station at Frenchman's Bay, was always picturesque to the novice in naval cruising. The bugle-calls, the naval etiquette, the drills, the salutes, the ceremonious hauling up and down of the flag, the taps, the clean shipshape decks, the groups of sailors in their blue or white togs, the foam of the

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cutwater, the visits and interchanges of courtesies with naval officers at shore stations and on board other vessels, the uniforms, the barges with their oarsmen, the reception on deck, the line of marines, the receiving officer and his staff, the music of the band, and all the incidents of naval life and discipline at sea, are pictures not to be forgotten. Comradeship grows apace on shipboard with the captain and his officers and crew; and the memory of days spent amid such associations—saddened as now and then a link drops out of the circle—is very keen. Captains Clover and Lyon and Commander Southerland, who were in command when these trips were had, and the fine young fellows with them, were as companionable as they were efficient.

The navy-yards were a source of interest and attention—scenes of activity, busy with men at work on the repair of vessels and the preparation of equipment, and enlivened with the spirit of naval discipline and regulation. They are no longer partisan political festers, but run—thanks to my predecessors—on business principles and under labor rules which make employment dependent on fitness and order of application, and retention on efficiency.

The Naval Academy, now grown to great proportions, was always a charming scene, especially on graduation day in the lovely June weather. Back came old graduates. Mothers and sweethearts of the boys gathered with their pretty dresses on the lawn. There were exercises in the chapel, athletic bouts in the gymnasium, a game of ball, boats rowing on the Severn and the Chesapeake, a procession of the cadets in their tight-fitting blue jackets with many buttons, the band playing, the giving of diplomas under the spreading trees, the groups on the green, the dancing in the hall. Woven with all these things was the thrilling thought of the future opening before those bright, animated youngsters dedicated to the naval service of their country, ready to give their lives for its flag, full of the high-wrought spirit of their profession, and emulous of the fame of its heroes.

Everybody who knows anything of an organized institution, though the head of it always gets the credit or the blame of its working, knows how much depends on his "right-hand" men, his clerk, his secretary, his stenographer, and how quickly these, if competent, master details and run the clerical routine of the machine. I recall with esteem such men as my private secretary, Mr. Lewis H. Finney, of a good Southern family reduced in circumstances by the Civil War, not of my politics, but an appointee of my predecessor yet retained by me, thoroughly familiar with the administration of the Navy Department, invaluable as a clerical helper and in the delicate function of meeting and satisfying the innumerable callers on the Secretary, or as Mr. Benjamin F. Peters, the chief clerk of the Department, exact, informed as to every detail, holding the clerical force strictly to its work, quick to detect any unnecessary expense or abuse, always looking for methods of reform in business administration, and not popular with those inclined to shirk or waste, as no faithful public servant ever is. Two stenographers from the Secretary's desk, Mr. Harold C. Snyder and Mr. Walter A. Greer, fine fellows and laudably ambitious, passed the required examinations and got commissions, one as an officer in the Marine Corps, and the other as assistant paymaster in the Navy. Nor can I forget, as a type of the best character of his race, the colored messenger Morissey Koonce, whose alertness and intelligence met every requirement and whose spare moments were devoted to study for entrance into the civil service, the examinations of which he at last passed, thus going on the clerical list with all its opportunities now before him.

During the war there were many instances of individual generosity, like that of Miss Helen M. Gould, who gave $100,000 to the public service. Two or three valuable yachts were loaned without compensation to the Government and used as auxiliary naval vessels. One rich yacht-owner tendered his vessel but accompanied the tender with the request, which made its acceptance impossible, that he, though a civilian, be appointed its commander, and that a

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steam engineer of his own be put in charge, with other like conditions. He really seemed to regard it as a grievance that he was not given a command, with all the accompanying responsibilities and honors, which even many naval officers, who had been in training for years, had not yet reached. Now and then came personal threats, not of course in personal interviews, but by letter. These generally gave an interval of from three to ten days as the limit of the miserable life of the Secretary, who was a disgrace to his country and would be made to feel the vengeance of the writer.

Mr. Roosevelt was an interesting personality as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as, indeed, he is in any capacity. There were several candidates for the place, which President McKinley allowed me to fill. In May, 1897, on the retirement of Mr. McAdoo, an excellent official under the previous administration, who had consented to hold over till that time, I selected Mr. Roosevelt, who had had, and indeed has had to this day, a hearty interest in the navy. His activity was characteristic. He was zealous in the work of putting the navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved. Just before the war he, as well as some naval officers, was anxious to send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet while we were yet at peace with Spain. He worked indefatigably, frequently incorporating his views in memoranda which he would place every morning on my desk. Most of his suggestions had, however, so far as applicable, been already adopted by the various bureaus, the chiefs of which were straining every nerve and leaving nothing not done. When I suggested to him that some future historian reading his memoranda, if they were put on record, would get the impression that the bureaus were inefficient, he accepted the suggestion with the generous good nature which is so marked in him. Indeed, nothing could be pleasanter than our relations. He was heart and soul in his work. His typewriters had no rest. He, too, lacks the rare knack of brevity. He was especially stimulating to the younger officers who gathered about him and made his office as busy as a hive. He was especially helpful in the purchasing of ships and in every line where he could push on the work of preparation for war. Almost as soon, however, as it was declared, he resigned the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy to accept the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Rough Rider regiment in the army. Together with many of his friends, I urged him strenuously to remain in the navy, arguing that he would there make a signal reputation, and that to go into the army would be only to fight mosquitoes on the Florida sands or fret in camp at Chickamauga. How right he was in his prognosis and how wrong we were in ours the result has shown. He took the straight course to fame, to the Governorship of New York and to the Presidency of the United States.

His room in the Navy Department after his decision to enter the army, which preceded for some time his resignation as Assistant Secretary, was an interesting scene. It bubbled over with enthusiasm, and was filled with bright young fellows from all over the country, college graduates and old associates from the Western ranches, all eager to serve with Roosevelt. The Rough Rider uniform was in evidence; it climbed the steps of the Navy Department; it filled its corridors; guns, uniforms, all sorts of military traps, and piles of papers filled the Assistant Secretary's room, and it was all the very inspiration of young manhood.

Mr. Roosevelt had an admirable successor in Mr. Charles H. Allen, whose characteristics were thorough business training, special aptness for his work, complete system, and that orderly poise which makes the executive administration run like a well-oiled machine. He displayed also such large ability and grasp that President McKinley, with the immediate hearty approval of the members of the Cabinet, to all of whom Mr. Allen had become well known, selected him to be the first insular Governor after the war. How well he discharged this important duty and set the example of insular government has been stated in a

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previous chapter. After him Mr. Frank W. Hackett became Assistant Secretary. He had served in the navy during the Civil War. A native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he was familiar with navy-yards, and brought to his position naval experience, the ability of a trained lawyer, and a keen interest in the navy. He was especially devoted to the maintenance of its prestige and high character. The present Assistant Secretary, Mr. Darling, who was appointed in my time, is another instance of fortunate selection. His judicial experience, his decision of character, his straightforward good sense and business capacity, make him in the Department a safe reliance to his chief and a prop of steadiness in naval administration.

An important feature in the life of the Secretary is his relation with the press. The Press Associations and the great city dailies maintain at the Navy Department representatives who gather all the news of interest. These men are some of the great body of newspaper correspondents at Washington, who exercise a very responsible influence upon public opinion, and for the integrity, intelligence, and acumen which characterize most of whom one feels great respect and admiration. On the eve of the war and during the war the Department was crowded daily by newspaper men. When trusted with confidential information, as was sometimes desirable in the public interest, they did not violate the trust. News which they obtained not in a confidential way but by their own push they published, sometimes to the annoyance of the Department; and such publications might, with an enterprising enemy, have in some cases proved injurious. For instance, when the Flying Squadron, upon the approach of Cervera's fleet, was ordered from Hampton Roads to Key West, the cruiser Minneapolis was detached to cruise off the Bahamas in order to watch for the Spanish vessels. This order was known to only five men in the Department, yet the next morning it was published in a New York daily and thus might have become known to the Spanish authorities. Such occurrences were, however, counterbalanced by the efforts of the press to assist the Government. Any information of value obtained by its correspondents was at once given to the Department. The bright young man who ferreted out the above-mentioned orders to the Minneapolis helped in turn by knowingly giving misleading information as to certain naval plans the real tenor of which it was desirable to conceal. Such was the case of a press publication of June 27, that a squadron would sail immediately for the coast of Spain, the object of this announcement being to induce the return of the Spanish fleet which under Camara had started for the Philippines.

I was satisfied that it was best to be as accessible as possible to the members of the press. It was easy to arrange an hour when they called upon me to receive such news as I could give them. The Department certainly lost nothing and gained the opportunity of giving information to the public, while the newspaper men were glad to have considerate treatment. They represented the public, and the public were entitled to all proper information. These grew to be very pleasant occasions, and I came to value the friendship as well as the intelligence of many of these members of the press. Among them was Mr. Edwin M. Hood, who represented the Associated Press, one of the most careful and conscientious men I ever met. His suggestions were valuable because always sound and disinterested. Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York "Sun," was a man of absolute trustworthiness and fine ability, whose full and luminous report of the Schley Court of Inquiry is a model of accuracy and fairness. Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, of the New York "Herald," it seemed to me, never slept; no item of information, however recondite, ever escaped his keen eyes, and he was invaluable to his paper and often of helpfulness to the Department.

One of the significant facts in modern life, certainly in regard to the navy in my time, is the publication of so many things that, as Josh Billings says, "ain't so." Not merely do these errors occur in the press proper, but in the more formal statements and speeches and nar-

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ratives of public writers and speakers. I remember a distinguished statesman saying in a speech in January, 1899, that, when the Maine was destroyed, there " was not on American ships or in the ordnance depots in the United States two rounds of powder per gun at that time. I may tell you," said he, "of the run of a sealed express train across the continent, the contents of which train no one outside of Washington, and only two there, knew. It had the right of way over all other trains. When it reached San Francisco, its cargo was transferred to a waiting steamer which raced to Honolulu. There the steamer Baltimore was waiting, no one knew for what. The cargo was shifted to the Baltimore, which carried it to Hongkong, and on April 23 the cargo was distributed among the American war-ships there, and Dewey had the ammunition he wanted. On April 24 he got his orders to sail for Manila. That ammunition on May Day awoke echoes in Manila Bay that were heard around the world and took from Spain an empire."

This was picturesque, but the orator was entirely misinformed. The Asiatic squadron, without the ammunition received from the Baltimore, was already in condition to go into battle, and during the battle only a third of its ammunition was expended. The special fast train referred to, instead of carrying the ammunition which woke the echoes of Manila Bay on May Day, did not start from Harrisburg until two months later, on the 30th of June. It was the only train-load of ammunition sent West, and the object was to form at the navy-yard near San Francisco a large reserve supply of ammunition for the Pacific headquarters. Indeed, Admiral O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, on having his attention called to this statement, reported that " 107 Asiatic vessels and 14 new commissioned vessels were supplied with complete outfits of ammunition, and a good reserve supply was maintained at the principal naval stations, so that at no time either before or during the war can it be said that the navy was so short of ammunition that it could not at any time have been called into active operation."

This is only an example of the innumerable instances of misrepresentation which writers and speakers, when not under the compulsion of responsible statement, are led into making, not with deliberate intent to mislead, but from an overstock of misinformation. It seems not too much to say that often such public assertions are evidence only of their own incorrectness or exaggeration, and should always be taken with a large grain of salt. Experience in courts of justice has proved that no evidence is of much value which has not been subjected to a searching cross-examination. Against the errors of statement irresponsibly made there is practically no safeguard.

It at first seems a little incongruous that the Secretary of the Navy has, as a general rule, been a man who, when appointed, knew little or nothing about naval matters. This is the foundation of the threadbare story which has been told of every Secretary in succession, that on going aboard a man-of-war he threw up his hands and said, " Why, the darned thing is holler, ain't it?" But there is a principle underlying this rule. Ours is a civil and not a military government. The President is a civilian, and, if he has had military experience, it is an incident in his availability as a Presidential candidate rather than an element in his qualifications for the Presidential office. The heads of the Army and Navy Departments are civilians. The fundamental principle of our Constitution is that the military is subordinate to the civil function. Then, too, as a matter of expediency as well as of principle, it is better that the head of each Department should enter upon his duties with an open mind and without the possible bias of prejudice or favoritism which might come from having been himself a lifelong member of the body over which he is placed. There must of course be the expert and professional knowledge of the trained naval officer ; there must be experience with ships and navy-yards, with seamen and marines, and with all the details of naval life; but these are amply supplied by the men who are called around the Secretary and placed by him in charge of the various bureaus of administration

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which have been described in former chapters, and the merit of the services of the chiefs of which has been acknowledged with the warm appreciation of one who has seen and felt their competency and devotion. The present general system of the administration of the Naval Department, as it has now existed for many years, has stood the test of all that time, including two recent wars and the upbuilding of the new navy during the last two decades. It is possible that some better system might be devised, but with the constant improvements in details which will incidentally attend it in the future as has been the case in the past, no better system in general outline has been or is likely to be suggested. Certainly no change should be made which, while seeming to maintain the present relation of the navy to a civilian head in form, will displace it in fact. For this reason it has seemed to me that the general staff, which, so long as it is subject to appointment and control by the Secretary, as originally instituted by me, is a very valuable adjunct in insuring preparedness for war, should not be put by legislative enactment beyond immediate civilian control. Certainly no such act should be passed with reference to the navy as was passed in the last Congress in regard to the general staff of the army, which makes the chief of that staff the immediate head of the various bureaus of the war department and practically gives him the control of them. Such an enactment with regard to the navy would naturally be followed by efforts for fixed tenure of office and for steadily enlarging power. It might tend to an undue increase of expenditures, which are already necessarily great, by committing them to an official who is permanently identified with only his own profession and is not under the responsibility of a civilian member of a general administration who is directly accountable to the legislative branch of the Government and is subject to an early return to the criticism of popular elections. It is also likely to tend to professional jealousy on the part of naval officers toward one of their own number exercising the function of Secretary, while there is none toward a civilian exercising that function who goes utterly out of sight after a short term. If there is under the present system sometimes a little soreness on their part toward the Secretary, as of course there now and then is, they can take it out by growling and calling him an uncomplimentary name, but they have, perhaps for that reason, no jealousy of one with whom they can have no question of permanent rank. Command of a ship or fleet is different from the command of the whole navy. The former gives necessary and readily accepted control over its subordinates for a limited period and within a limited range, the latter over his naval fortunes, his assignments to duty, his whereabouts on the face of the earth.

To be sure, the Army Act above referred to gives this supervision to the chief of staff "under the direction of the President, or of the Secretary under the direction of the President." But with a chief of staff well in the saddle it is easy to see how slight a check upon his mastery this provision would be, especially hereafter when a new Secretary comes in and is unconsciously subordinated to what he is led to regard as the customary order of things. Besides, the act will be a stimulus to the chief of staff to hereafter seek direct communication with the President; and a President with aggressive force would easily come to deal directly with the official who by such a law is made the real working head of all the bureaus and machinery of the Department. Under such circumstances the Secretary could hardly fail to lapse into a figurehead in the administration of the navy and really have no other function than to sit in an advisory capacity at the Cabinet table. Precedent quickly hardens into an inflexible system, and the first step should not be taken towards a military head of any department of the Government.

THE END

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Henry Ward Beecher: Some Letters

For twelve years, 1875 to 1887, Major James B. Pond acted as the lecture agent for Henry Ward Beecher. During that time he traveled with Mr. Beecher throughout this country and England, the total journeys amounting to nearly three hundred thousand miles. On one of these trips Mr. Beecher delivered seventy-five lectures. Shortly before Major Pond's death he gave to me a number of letters which he had received from Mr. Beecher during this period of their co-operation, with permission to publish such of them in The Outlook as might be of general interest. From the entire number I have selected a few as illustrative of certain types of character in Mr. Beecher not generally recognized by the public nor always appreciated by his friends. They are published here as nearly as possible in chonological order, though some of them are without date. L. A.

MR. BEECHER was not too busy nor too absorbed in public affairs to carry in his mind and heart the troubles of individual friends. While on his Southern tour he received through the press notice that General Grant was supposed to be dying, and sent him the following telegram: "Throughout the South I find profound sympathy with you. My heart waits upon your sick-room. While you walk thro' the Valley and Shadow of Death may His rod and staff comfort you." In a similar spirit he telegraphed to friends, one in Germany, the other in this country: "Let her pass over rejoicing. It is morning beyond. We all love you."

Mr. Beecher did very little personal pastoral work, but this was not for lack of personal pastoral interest. The following letter illustrates a type not uncommon in his correspondence. It is written to a man of National reputation in the business world, suffering temporarily under broken fortunes and broken health:

Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1884.

My dear Mr. ——:

I should not invade your quiet with any form of business, but I hope that you will not count an expression of deep sympathy an intrusion.

There is much in your sickness, in the failure of your plans, and in your losses, to enlist sympathy, and yet, you are much to be envied. You have retired for a day, to recover strength, and have, we all believe, a bright future yet, and you will start again with a capital you had not in the beginning—a reputation which has come thro' the furnace without harm, and purified and made precious.

Your integrity, your skill and ability, and retirement with broken health—but unbroken honesty—where so many outwardly successful men have lost it, are, or ought to be considered as, treasures which gold and silver cannot purchase. I had rather be in your place, even if it were more full of pain and sickness, than to flourish in that mob of rich men who have sold their honor for gold.

When Salmasius reproached John Milton with his blindness as evidence of God's displeasure, the noble old poet replied "that his blindness was only the twilight of God's wings which overshadowed and protected him." Your present retirement and dimness is full of golden light which will one day break forth. I pray God to give you patience, faith, and hopeful courage.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In all his lecturing he put his engagement with and his duties to the church first. Here is one of a number of letters which emphasize this:

My dear Pond:

I said *emphatically* that I could not go in February to be gone over Sunday, and that I could not take any route with two Sundays away. All the lectures on earth are not to me what the church is—and I know, fully, that the church requires *me at home for the present*, and at home I must be. Everything depends on it and you must not tempt me. I will see you later. But this route I cannot take.

Yours in hometiness,

H. W. BEECHER.

And later (in 1883) he writes: "I am sorry that Suffield should suffer—but it can't be helped. All the cities on the continent are not to me of as much value as my church and its work, and, when a deepening religious feeling is evident, to go off lecturing and leave it would be too outrageous to be thought of. No—no. Never—now or hereafter—will I let lecturing infringe on home work!"

He was continually in receipt of letters from self-satisfied persons who undertook to lecture him on his errors, his

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heresies, or his sins. The spirit of one of these letters which lies before us as we write is sufficiently illustrated by the following paragraphs:

Of course no Christians will follow your teaching; they knew the Lord's voice, and are known of him; but they must be warned against all preachers like you who deny the Lord; and like Arius of old, who preached to the rich and for the riches and honors of this world.

I warn you against falsifying the Word, and inculcating unbelief. Proclaim yourself in your true colors and remember "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed."

A. A. G.

The letter which follows I judge he never sent, since he was not accustomed to keep copies of his letters, and this copy, in his own handwriting, is in the correspondence:

Dear Sir:

I have received and read your long and extraordinary letter. Its false statements, its fierce arrogance, its base innuendoes, can be charitably construed only on one or two theories.

(1). That you are insane.

or

(2). That you are a lineal descendant of that Ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem, and who ever afterward regarded himself as an authority in all religious matters; from him have come down an innumerable posterity, eminent among which I think you stand.

It was impossible for Mr. Beecher to write on even the commonest matters in a commonplace manner. Witness these three letters, one introducing a friend of his, the others notes to Major Pond, the latter of them replying to a proposition for a visit by a committee with Major Pond on lecture business:

Peekskill, July 26th, 1876.

Messrs. Hathaway & Pond:

Gentlemen—In reply to your questions respecting Prof. Robert R. Raymond, I would say that I have known him for twenty years and more, and am fully acquainted with his tastes, habits of mind, and dramatic genius. He has rare talent for reading, excelling in every department, serious or comical. He knows what few do; the exact line between truth and exaggeration. His sensitive taste carries him safely where common men would stumble or stick. The whole range of mimetic reading is his by right—Irish, German, French, Yankee, negro, patois or brogue. He will slay an audience with laughter, till humane men cry hold! have mercy! Yet this is not his best field. As an interpreter of Shakespeare in the wide range of that unequalled master, he goes far beyond himself in any other line, whether it be in pathetic or mirthful renderings. He is a scholar and will satisfy the most cultivated taste. He is a joyous and genial man and will bring the most uncultivated audience into sympathy with him.

If your audiences do not like him rarely and the more the oftener they hear him, the more's the pity for them!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

July 3, '80.

My dear Mr. Pond:

No Sept. work for me! I don't want any out-door speaking. You are a heathen—a Chinee—an Indian—a barbarian—a Zulu—an Afghan—or you would not propose it! It is just enough cooler to enable me to say how hot it has been! H. W. B.

Sept. 13, 1881.

Yes—fathomless Pond! Let them come—but on what train? I do not fear them!—tho' there be ten Y. M. C. A.s! I will repel them with pears—comfort them with apples, pour in the grape shot—give them cider instead of side-winder. But, think of it—Why am I to be disturbed thus? Am I in anybody's way? Am I propagating false doctrine? I am a hermit, a recluse retired from care, and yet you invade me!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

He was a great sufferer from hay-fever, but out of even hay-fever he could get fun:

Peekskill, Aug. 12, 1877.

My dear Mr. Pond:

Another rest day! Two consecutive Sundays I have not preached! The Hay Fever is insidiously creeping on and spoiling my beauty. Tho' not given to whining, I find myself snuffling. My eyes are easily touched with tearfulness and I have the wish fulfilled of the old prophet—"Oh that my head were a fountain of tears!"—I sneeze bis, tris: repeat; forte, sforzando, fortissimo.

My deeds are evil, for I begin to hate the light. My "eyes stand out with fatness."

Mr. Beecher's political views on the tariff question were formally and vigorously expressed as early as his speeches in England. I do not find the date of the following letter written for the "Tribune," nor do I know whether it was published in the "Tribune," but I

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suspect that it was written during the Blaine campaign:

Editor of the Tribune:

My personal views and political conduct are of little value to the public except so far as they are supposed to represent the views and purposes of a large and daily increasing number of silent voters.

I have been a Republican from the origin of that party. It was the party of liberty as against slavery; the party of free speech as against intolerance. It boldly faced the threat of secession, and elected Lincoln. It had the courage to accept the risks of war rather than back down in the face of Southern threats. It was baptized in blood and proved worthy of its high calling. It had wisdom and courage to recompose the shattered columns of this Union and give to it a grandeur which has won the respect of the world. It met the bloated currency which the war had induced and brought back the current within the appropriate banks. It never was charmed with the greenback syren but brought back the dissolute theories to virtue. In short, the Republican party has had the courage to meet every issue which has arisen for twenty-five years, without shuffling or evasion. It has had a clear policy and it has had that supreme virtue of parties—courage—courage—courage!

The Republican party inaugurated a policy of High Tariff. The necessities of a period of gigantic war is the only palliation of such a policy. But when protection of American industry was grafted upon the tariff, no excuse could be found for the blunder. It is an insult to American enterprise to assume that it needs protection. American industry is no decrepit thing, needing crutches and nurses. It puts the Government into the ridiculous attitude of undertaking to supervise all the various and intricate affairs of manufacture and commerce. It is the last vestige of that old system of paternal governments to arrange men's religious beliefs, to determine their social relations, to prescribe their meat, drink and apparel; to do for them what a free people are a thousand times better able to do for themselves. The aim and drift of protection is foolish and impertinent, but the machinery by which it seeks to secure this bad end is even worse than the cause which it serves and corrupts. Custom houses in their nature are academies of injustice and dishonesty—abhorred of God as they ought to be of men.

The Republican party is, as yet, under the sorcerer's spell. It will yet be dis-enchanted. Because it is sick it is not to be lightly abandoned. But what a ridiculous and monstrous folly it would be to leave the Republican party because it is yet blinded with protection and go over to the Democratic—that has coquetted with almost every evil which the war has swept away and which has not yet shown that it had learned a single lesson from the grand struggle of the last twenty-five years. It has no faith in itself—no unity in measures, no wise leaders. It has learned to construct platforms and then to run away from the only wise planks in them, courageous in words and cowardly in deeds. What am I asked to do? to go over from the Republican party that has the courage of its opinions to one that avows free trade principles and then plays comedy in Congress in carrying out their pretentious reforms; that has no leaders that dare lose in a good cause or suffer for their principles! When some bold advocate of free trade arises among them like Watterson, he is knifed by his own compatriots. When the Democratic party shall have a mission, as it had in Jefferson's day, or even in Jackson's—but to mention these names is to throw ridicule upon that modern Samson after he had slept in the arms of the Delilah of Slavery, been shorn of his strength and lost his sight, and committed suicide. There is another contingency—If the engineers and managers of the Republican party select a candidate for the Presidency stained by jobbery, in alliance with the policies of the Great Railway Princes, hand and glove with corrupt lobbies and in full faith with the corrupt and corrupting gangs who swarm our legislatures and live by sleek plunder, it will be the duty of every patriotic Republican to secure his defeat, not by the folly of joining the party of historic imbecility, but by laying the foundation of a new movement that shall respect the moral instincts of the people—a party of common sense based upon moral sense. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher's interest in precious stones is well known. He was, indeed, recognized as in some sense an expert on the subject. He was accustomed to carry them loose in his vest pocket, and on occasion take them out and enjoy their color as he might the color of flowers. His purchases were largely conducted through Mr. John A. Remick, of Boston, who has kindly put into my hands for publication some of Mr. Beecher's characteristic business correspondence with him, which needs no

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other introduction than this general one:

Brooklyn, Oct. 20th, 1882.

What is money compared to a section cut from the heavens? Whoso has a fine sapphire ought to be a good man, for he carries a symbol of the Holy City. Bishops in the Catholic Church wear sapphire rings. This is the best argument I have ever heard in favor of Apostolic Succession in the Catholic Church.

A few arguments of that kind would stagger my Protestant faith, though I have serious doubts as to whether Peter ever wore one—or Paul ever knew what it was.

I am yours truly,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, Mar. 10, 1881.

My dear Sir:

More than two weeks ago, I committed to your hands an opalescent ruby or sapphire, whichever it is, to be set in a ring.

My eyes are growing dim with longing for it—I do not altogether blame you for keeping it, as it is a delight to look upon—but—if you can comfort yourself with some other stone, and will give me to see again my beauty, I will mark the day of its coming with a white stone!

Yours in lapidarian sympathy,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Place unknown] May 17, 1880.

Dear Sir:

Your skill and good taste have not failed you. Surely a finer lot of things never delighted the heart of an Amateur! The lace pin is splendid and ought to draw like a magnet. The brooches are simple but very effective. The ring might be worn with pride by Titania.

I return the earrings which I twice thought I had placed—alas that good taste and poverty sh'd so often afflict each other.

The Cat's eye stone unset is not a genuine Cat's eye; but a species of slate. There are three kinds of Cat's eye—the real—the shell, and the slate. Much of this last has been put on the market, but the price has been very much lowered.

I wish you could see a collection of fine heads upon Labradorite which I have—they are wonderful.

As to the diamond,—I am glad that mine is so fine, but I have no objection to have anyone find a finer. I shall not envy our friend of the breastpin if he gets a rarer one, but congratulate him.

Yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, Mar. 12, 1885.

My dear Sir:

As to that moonstone tho' it is not as large as a mountain, so it will require less faith, to say "Be thou removed and cast into my pocket"!

I leave for a three weeks southern trip, on next Monday. It will be a good thing for luck if received before then—can you send by mail?

I could make myself a cheerful martyr like St. Steven provided I might pick out the stones wherewith to be stoned.

Yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Twin Mountain House, Sept. 8, 1880.

My dear Mr. Remick,

It was very good and hospitable of you to invite me and Mrs. B. to your new and beautiful house, on the 250th anniversary of the founding of something,—what was it?

I should not hesitate a moment to accept it, but for a previous engagement to Gov. Claflin in Newtonville.

I fear that I shall not be able ever to look in at the dainty corner where you fascinate so many folks with rare & precious stones, for as Chaplain (& Captain?) I must ride with my staff on the 17—eyes neither to the right nor left, face strait forward, as becometh a strict disciplinarian!

Should I see you and your comely wife, I may be tempted just to wink a bow, as it were;—to lift my feathered chapeau as if to wipe the sweat from my brow, but—you will understand that it is a disguised salute!

Pray do not let your most estimable family forget me—and allow me to present to Mrs. Remick my respectful regards, and to you my cordial good wishes.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One other letter must close this fragmentary collection. Mr. Beecher had sent his check to furnish a Christmas tree to a family of children in his parish, and was to go at the Christmas celebration to christen under the Christmas tree several children. He did not go. The reason why he stated in the following apologetic letter. He followed it a little later in the day with a call, when he performed the delayed christening for at least one of the children:

Dec. 26th, 1871.

My dear Mrs. F.

I am afraid that all the children have given me over and that the blessing of Santa Claus is forever removed from my dwelling, and that my reputation for memory will fall below zero. However Christmas—

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like Time and Tides—waits for no man, and the children had a gay good time and the world turned over last night and rolled up again this morning without a dent!

But really, "Unbeknownst" to me my good wife had a Christmas dinner in State, invited Bullard and his family and my two boys were at home and the whole party was so genial that the little folks at the parlors vanished from sight, like the sylphs and gnomes of the Fairy Tales, and the sun was so warm and the day so genial, that I said, "My dear, I shall get a carriage after dinner, and we will drive out to the Park. Alas! We did so! Nature saw the error and sent up a thick fog from the sea and clouded her brow and sent us home sad and repentant. For while on the way out my wife recalled my little children's party at the church! Well, I promise to marry them all when the time comes without a fee—

I forgive you for inviting me and I shall not lay anything against you on account of my absence.

Very truly yours, somewhat dolefully
H. W. BEECHER.

How to Shield Our Birds

By Louis Windmüller

SOME ten thousand species of birds have been created for man's benefit. Carrion would propagate disease without vultures and ravens; owls, buzzards, and other hawks prey upon noisome rodents and venomous reptiles; but of all tribes the insectivores are the most numerous, their services the most valuable. Vermin would destroy the grain in the West, the cotton in the South, and the fruit wherever it grows, if birds were not near to defend them until they ripen. Examinations made by scientists of the digestive organs of many varieties of birds have demonstrated that they chiefly feed upon insects; they also show the kind of insects that each species prefers. Their subtle senses are directed by almost human intelligence; and they are apt to select of all the food within their reach what is best adapted for them and for their offspring, and what would injure by its presence if they did not destroy it.

Aside from the debt of gratitude we owe for their usefulness, birds claim our affection by the charm of their presence. They are types of joyful bliss and symbols of absolute liberty. Where the color of their plumage is added to the harmony of their voices and the grace of their motion, they will turn a barren wilderness into a perfect paradise. Many a heart would sink were songsters not nigh with sweet melody to raise it. The ancient Greeks called birds "lords of the air." Syrians built altars for their worship; Romans had such an exalted opinion of their sagacity that they augured the fortune of distant legions by the manner of their flight. Birds' graceful wings were applied to the shoulders of favorite gods, and we continue to borrow them for the angels of our own imagination; but we lay no obstacles in the way of divers enemies that persecute them.

The fiercest of them all, the domestic cat, we permit in our garden and orchard to prowl and to make the artless bird his prey before he has time to fly. Instead of checking, we countenance the enormous natural increase of cats, until it is estimated that five millions of them annually kill some twenty million birds. A license fee is exacted for keeping a watchful dog; why should not this rule apply, as it does in some places already, to the more dispensable cat? A German household must pay a small fee for the privilege of keeping a single cat. Rewards for unlicensed cats are offered by officials against delivery of their carcasses. Where felines vanish, birds reappear; and, guarding trees against worms, they augment their fruit. In watching the young of a pair of European jays, Dr. Brewer has found that they consumed half a million caterpillars in one season.

Besides illiterate Italians, unrestrained American boys indulge in the mischievous pastime of maiming or killing flying birds with firearms or pea-shooters, and in robbing nests of the eggs they find. Such practices are prohibited by munic-

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ipal regulations in every city, but laws are disregarded in suburban districts where nobody is delegated to enforce them. The statutes which at certain seasons protect game birds are better observed, because an officer always looks out for transgressors. The only means to prevent brutality is to implant kindness during early childhood in the hearts of our boys; and, when they grow older, arouse their interest in animal life by competent teachers of nature, a study which has long been made compulsory by the colleges in Europe, but of which pupils of public schools and some learned institutions in this country are still allowed to remain ignorant.

It is hard to realize how bad taste could have so hardened the hearts of some women as to make them deadly foes of the feathered tribes. Before our time songsters were not chosen for human decoration. Artists represent women ancestors who did not wear coronets with garlanded mantillas and similar coquettish head-gear. Knights wore the plumage of birds of prey when they donned a suit of armor for tournament or battle. But the modern women who emulate this example sport aigrettes of the most useful and handsomest birds regardless of the misery which their use inflicts. Women who are bound to satisfy a cruel desire for the feathers that inexorable fashion demands allow whole species of birds to be exterminated. The herons of the South are killed while they breed in order to procure their handsome bridal plumage, and their young are left to die. These birds prey on crayfish, which by tunneling through the levees of Louisiana cause enormous damage. Millions of humming and paradise birds are sacrificed to gratify female vanity. Unless checked, ruthless spoliation eventually will annihilate all tribes the plumes of which now gratify and please the friends of nature.

Women of winsome ways, who depend on personal charms, are more apt to conquer the heart of a sensible man than their heedless sisters who imagine that, to draw his attention, they must flaunt the raiment of a poor, hunted bird.

None of our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have made any effort to protect wild birds, although some of these birds are more useful than and deserve as much care as domesticated animals receive. These associations, being endowed with police powers, could, if they would, do more for the protection of birds than all the laws collaborated by T. S. Palmer. They could prosecute not alone the cruel hunters of birds, but they also could dissuade foolish women from sporting their feathers. Women who wear them in public should be reprimanded and fined, as in Lucerne, Switzerland, where women caught wearing a stuffed bird on the street are mulcted five francs, or one dollar. If they continue the offense, it is considered a misdemeanor, for which they are punished. The people will not tolerate the presence of any woman who demonstrates such want of confidence in her own appearance that she must borrow the allurements of a dead bird to make her attractive. We have Audubon Societies for the protection of song-birds in almost every State in the Union, which would undertake to enforce similar regulations if they had the legal authority. The repeated promises not to deal in songsters' feathers which have been exacted have been broken by the milliners whenever it was for their interest. As their chief resource, the Audubon Societies rely upon literary bureaus for the promulgation of their excellent doctrines and for a better understanding than now prevails of this important subject.

In Germany, of several hundred associations which protect animals generally, many confine their attention to birds ("Vogelschutz Vereine"); and all are recognized by their respective governments. In France similar unions, consisting exclusively of women, have recently been formed. The highly esteemed members devote their lives to this worthy object; belonging to the most intellectual classes of their communities, they exert an influence over public opinion sufficient to enlist a large part of the entire population in their endeavors to foster bird life. The care they bestow on singing birds often has led to happy results. Wherever their winged friends are provided with food, drink, and shelter, they remain and animate the trees

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of parks and promenades. But no American city, except Boston, offers free entertainment to free birds at public expense. If all cities were to follow this and the European example, songsters that now migrate to southern climes might stay during the whole year in our latitude, and the number and variety of birds with melodious voices and birds with beautiful plumage would so increase as to add greatly to the attractiveness of the parks and enjoyment of the public.

Almost all birds appreciate kindness, and confide in those who treat them well. We should plant Russian mulberry-bushes, flowering dogwood and woodbine, viburnum and smilax, to provide hiding-places for their nests and berries for their food. Their most thoughtful guardians also place scraps of meat and basins of water under boughs of trees that protect while the birds partake of their meals. Of numerous winter birds that deserve encouragement I mention snowbirds, goldfinches, nuthatches, and chickadees; chickadees, also called titmice, feed upon the eggs laid by insects in crevices of the bark of trees.

Orioles like fluffy silk or cotton-waste for building nests in the spring. They relish chickbeetles, considered of all insects the most destructive. For wrens and warblers nesting-boxes, with an opening not over seven-eighths of an inch diameter, are desirable, because these the pugnacious English sparrow cannot enter. Robins have a taste for the intoxicating flavor of poisonous-ivy berries and bugs called bupretes; when one of these noxious beetles enters the stomach of a cow, it causes her instantaneous death.

The rose-breasted grosbeak, too often shot for its plumage, has a predilection for potato-bugs. Of summer birds none are more beneficial than swallows; with open beak one of these tiny birds will absorb during its rapid flight all moths and mosquitoes it encounters; their annoyance will cease wherever swallows congregate. Roosting under eaves, they like to use clay for the construction of their homes. Of this material moistened piles should be provided convenient to barns and outhouses in springtime. Martins and thrushes also are useful; the cuckoo will feed on caterpillars so hairy as to be despised by almost all other birds. When the stomachs of cuckoos were opened by Professor Beal in the Bureau of Agriculture, they were lined with the fur of caterpillars. Woodpeckers live on ants.

The kingbird is by nature a fly-catcher. Contents of the gizzards of 238 meadowlarks consisted, 73 per cent. of grasshoppers, etc., and 27 per cent. of vegetable food. The consumption by them and American sparrows of weed-seed is as useful as the destruction of insects; in either case birds save the farmer much labor.

Shrikes are called the butchers of insects because they harpoon living locusts with their hooked bills, and preserve what they cannot eat at once for rainy days to come. A catbird will enjoy cherries, but for every single cherry he picks he will consume a thousand worms. All summer birds protect the foliage of elm-trees against beetles, insuring a continuance of their cooling shade. Goatsuckers, which formerly had the reputation of taking milk, have been found catching flies that torment cattle. Some harm is done by some birds, but more good than harm is done even by the most obnoxious.

Because an excess of the aggressive birds may discourage the presence of others that are no less useful but more modest, we should endeavor to attract the greatest possible variety; but the total extermination of any of the species that nature has provided should not be tolerated. Our forests and fields may not be devastated and the extinction of life of all higher animals may not follow the extirpation of the last bird, as French scientists have ventured to predict. But every precaution to avert a calamity that might lead to some catastrophe should be encouraged.

The Audubon Society of the State of New York has initiated measures for an international agreement to suppress the nefarious trade in feathers, which certainly can be made difficult if the humane societies of all civilized countries unite on proper measures. The feathers of

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no beneficial wild bird should be allowed to pass the custom-house of any country. When concealed and detected they should be seized as contraband, and the guilty owner, when found, severely punished. Traffic in birds is no less inhuman than the slave trade of yore has been.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Railways. By Edwin A. Pratt. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 305 pages. $1.25.

This gives the observations of a competent English critic, whose conservative love of the way railways are managed in England leads him to see and portray the weak points in the American system. His thesis, however, is not the inferiority of the American railway methods; but merely the inadvisability of attempting to introduce them in England. His international comparisons are particularly valuable to American readers, because we are so used to having our own railway methods contrasted with the English, to the latter's disadvantage.

Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table (The). By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Golden Treasury Series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 318 pages. $1.

Biblical Criticism. By John A. W. Haas, D.D. General Council Lutheran Publication House, 1522 Arch Street, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 233 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Haas is a specialist, and his work is of an erudite more than a popular character. His standpoint is adverse to the positions of the majority of Biblical critics, to whom he is unwilling to make the least surrender. The ground traversed in two hundred pages is so vast that his strictures on their conclusions constitute mainly a bill of exceptions, for the argument on which space fails. For instance, the critical view of the book of Jonah as a religious fiction is disposed of in twenty-one lines by the allegation that it springs from disbelief of miracles. This is hardly fair to the literary critic, and might provoke a severe retort.

Book of Nature. By Johnny Jones. (Spelling by his Mother.) Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 6×7½ in. 30 pages. Illustrated.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged under the Supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Vol. I., A—C. 9×11½ in. $6.

This reprint of Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers should appeal to students of art with emphasis since so eminent an authority as Dr. Williamson has undertaken the supervision of the edition. The illustrations are many, interesting, and superbly executed, but they have not always been chosen with impeccable taste, so some may think. Those irritatingly fastidious people may claim that Giovanni Bellini did paint something better than "The Transfiguration" at Naples, that Paolo Veronese is not represented at his best by that huge "Marriage of Cana" in the Louvre, and that, to come to a very modern artist, "King Cophetua" is perhaps not the most admirable canvas from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's brush. These three painters are here illustrated by reproductions from those subjects only. However, the work as a whole will challenge favorable comparison with Champlin and Perkins's "Encyclopædia of Painters and Painting," which has long deservedly been a storehouse of information and reference. Yet here again the fault-finding spirit will not down, for we could wish that the print in the new Bryan Dictionary were as large and clear as that in the other work. It is fortunate that both of these cyclopædias, which are sure to receive much use, are so excellently and tastefully bound. Not every bulky book of reference is pleasantly light to the hand.

Candle of Understanding (A). By Elizabeth Bisland. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.50.

This is clever writing indeed. But it is the first part of the book that unmistakably raises its average—the intimate portrayal of a child-world in the old Southern plantation. When this is left behind, and the scene shifts to the North, and a grown-up heroine with a stage career and a love story takes the center, the remaining two-thirds of the book seem rather commonplace by force of contrast.

Care of a House (The). By T. M. Clark. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 283 pages. $1.50.

A helpful and practical book. "The Kitchen Stove," "Furnaces," "Troubles with Plumbing, and their Remedy," are some of the subjects discussed which will appeal to the householder who has been confronted before with them and has no guide at hand to show the way out of their labyrinth of worries.

Children's Book (The). Edited by Horace E. Scudder. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8×10½ in. 444 pages. $2.50.

A new edition of the best extant collection of children's classics, from Mother Goose up. Mr. Scudder understood and loved children, and no one has ever lived better fitted than he to edit such a book.

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Clerk of the Woods (The). By Bradford Torrey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 279 pages. $1.10, net.

These thirty or more short sketches record a year's observation in the woods and fields of New England. Mr. Torrey's pages pulsate with natural life, and the book is worthy of a place on that shelf where are already the works of Thoreau and Burroughs and Jefferies and Fowler and many another nature-lover.

Cruising Among the Caribbees. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. New Edition. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 246 pages. $1.50.

The author has added several chapters to this revised edition of his very entertaining book of travels, and there are a number of new illustrations. One feature of this new edition is the chapter on the tragedy of Mont Pelée.

Dagonet and Other Poems (The). By George R. Sims. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3½×5 in. 381 pages. 75c.

An extremely dainty little book, bound in flexible leather, and presenting reprints of three series of Mr. Sims's verses, "The Dagonet Ballads," "The Ballads of Babylon," "The Lifeboat and Other Poems," all in the vivid, semi-journalistic vein which has given Mr. Sims wide popularity in England.

Deal in Wheat (A). By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 272 pages. $1.50.

The least artistic of this posthumous collection of Mr. Norris's stories is the one giving title to the volume. As a vigorous protest against existing conditions it might by some thinkers perhaps be given first place—hardly as a finished production in a book of this sort. The reason for its selection for the position is obvious, however, in view of the success of "The Pit." A far better story in the present volume is "The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock." There are a half-dozen or more besides, all of the familiar Western flavor. One or two are very good indeed.

Development of the Drama (The). By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7½ in. 351 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Divine Ordinance of Prayer (The). By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. Second Edition. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.25, net.

El Dorado: A Tragedy. By Ridgely Torrence. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 132 pages.

Eleanor Lee. By Margaret E. Sangster. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8in. 322 pages. $1.50.

This novel opens with a death and closes with a marriage, and it is all a pretty serious business in between. Eleanor early finds herself wedded to a dipsomaniac husband, who, after some terrible years, is cured of the habit only to develop a temporary aberration of mind and wander away from home. But the wife's devotion is steadfast throughout, and here, in this manifestation of her heroine's character, as beautiful and human as it is miracle-working and angelic, Mrs. Sangster has finely emphasized the point that the true marriage assumes obligations as sacredly binding "for better or worse" in moral as in physical "sickness and health."

Elements of Inorganic Chemistry. By Harry C. Jones. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 343 pages. $1.25.

Essays on Great Writers. By H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 363 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fishin' Jimmy. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 66 pages. $1.

A new holiday edition of Mrs. Slosson's now familiar and always delightful story of character and pathos.

Highways and Byways in South Wales. By A. G. Bradley. Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. 5½×8 in. 418 pages. $2.

Too many travelers from America, landing at Liverpool, rush past one of the most charming regions in the United Kingdom. London may gain, but Wales loses. Chester, the portal to North Wales, is only an hour away from Liverpool. In itself Chester is eminently worthy of a visit and is a convenient resting-place from the Atlantic journey. We are glad to think that Wales is becoming better known, however. Few have done as much to popularize it as has Mr. Bradley. His new volume is the logical and welcome successor to his "Highways and Byways in North Wales," as both books are to Mr. Harper's "The Marches of Wales." All these works preserve the practical value of a detailed guide-book with the restful charm of a volume which one would naturally choose to read as an after-dinner solace and a change to a far-away land. To South Wales Mr. Bradley's particular portal is Kington, but of the South Welsh districts he omits Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. He omits the first because it has been scarred by the very industries which have made it wealthy, and because it is full of a foreign population attracted by its coal and iron. Monmouthshire is omitted because it has been long technically, though (as our author admits, we are pleased to see) illogically, outside Wales. The many illustrations hardly reproduce in full to an enthusiastic traveler the pictures once made on his mind by the lovely Welsh scenery itself. The illustrations of Cerrig Cennin valley, river, and castle, however, form noble exceptions.

His Little World. By Samuel Merwin. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 201 pages. $1.25.

Hunch Badeau is a lumberman, captain of a schooner on Lake Michigan, and a character worthy any man's acquaintance. His story is told in such a manner as to leave one at the end wishing there were more, and yet keenly appreciative of the author's fine reserve throughout.

Human Physiology for Schools. By John I. Jegi, M.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 331 pages. $1.

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Honor Dalton. By Frances C. Sparhawk. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 419 pages. $1.50.

This story, in germ and under another title, appeared some years ago in the columns of The Outlook. It has been so expanded, rewritten, and so much new matter has been introduced that it may be regarded as a new venture in the field of fiction. Readers of The Outlook who recall Miss Sparhawk's "A Chronicle of Conquest" have not forgotten her deep interest in the ethical aspects of life. "Honor Dalton" is a love story, very much complicated by the possession, on the part of the two chief characters, of a New England conscience; the one being assailed by every kind of temptation which wealth and position can offer, and the other by all the temptations involved in the sorest affliction of mind, body, and estate. These two distinct kinds of trial are, however, safely endured; and the story ends, as love stories ought to end, in substantial happiness.

How the People Rule: Civics for Boys and Girls. By Charles H. Hoxie. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 165 pages. $1.

A good book for beginners. Simply and well planned and simply and well written. An interesting feature is a well-chosen poem or prose selection at the end of each chapter, making the book a primer in patriotic literature as well as in patriotic learning.

How to Study Shakespeare. By W. H. Fleming. Series III. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 353 pages.

The third volume in this series deals with "Much Ado About Nothing," "Antony and Cleopatra," "King John," "The Winter's Tale," and "Love's Labour's Lost," following the method of the two preceding volumes. A special feature of this volume is the pronunciation of names of the characters in the plays.

Ireland under English Rule: A Plea for the Plaintiff. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., L.L.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 2 vols. 333 and 358 pages. $5.

A partisan arraignment of English misrule in Ireland. The wrongs to his people charged by Dr. Emmet are, however, but little more atrocious than those admitted by Mr. Lecky and Mr. Russell, and therefore non-Irish readers are more likely to be impressed by the judicial admissions of the historians opposed to Home Rule than by the attorney-like charges of its less scholarly advocate. Yet to those who are wholly on Ireland's side in the controversy, and to those who, knowing England's side, wish to know Ireland's as it appears to the Irish, Dr. Emmet's volumes form interesting reading.

Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life. By Clara Louise Burnham. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.50.

Jewel is a Christian Scientist aged eight, who during a five weeks' visit to her grandfather undertakes the conversion of his household, and succeeds easily with the worldly cousin, the crusty housekeeper, the bibulous coachman, and the stern old gentleman himself, not to mention putting to utter rout and confusion the visiting physician who presumes to prescribe for her sore throat.

John Chambers and His Ministry in Philadelphia. By W. E. Griffis, D.D., L.H.D. Andrus & Kirk, Ithaca, New York. 5½×8 in. 159 pages. $1.

Judgment. By Alice Brown. Harper & Bros., New York. Illustrated. 5½×8 in. 195 pages. $1.25.

Land of Heather (The). By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 258 pages.

Mr. Johnson has a really unique skill in catching character, individual traits, and natural poses in his photographs. His pictures in this book are as Scottish as a story by Ian Maclaren or Barrie. One feels that he is brought face to face with the peasant in his unguarded moments. The text follows the methods of Mr. Johnson's other well-known books. His sympathy and fellowship with the hardy toilers depicted, the love of country life, and the close description of things as they are actually seen are noteworthy throughout.

Letters Home. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Literary Sense (The). By E. Nesbit. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 324 pages. $1.50.

These short stories are unusually clever, and they are bound together, since each presents some phase of "make believe," as the children say—that is, of a longing for the theatrical or the "literary" which throws into confusion the particular love affair described (nearly all the stories deal with lovers' quarrels, comic or tragic). Both comic and tragic, for instance, is that of the homely and unloved maid who deceives her former mistress with elaborate accounts of her imaginary courtship and marriage, and in due time presents a borrowed baby for admiration. Mrs. Bland is becoming better known yearly on this side of the ocean as an English writer of decided originality and with the rare gift of humor.

Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors. By Elbert Hubbard. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 419 pages. $2.50.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Musicians. By Elbert Hubbard. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 422 pages. $2.50.

These two volumes are in Mr. Hubbard's familiar, sometimes too familiar, vein. They cannot be said to have value as literary or musical criticism, nor as formal biography, and the author would probably disown any such pretensions. The attempt is to be "chatty," and to bring the reader into close personal relations with the subjects of the talks, with occasional side excursions into Mr. Hubbard's personal affairs. Here, as an example of the last, is an extract from the article on Mozart: "I decided to leave Chicago in an hour by the Lake Shore Railroad, and have the copy ready for the Roy-

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croft boys when I reached home." The books are well printed, with admirable portraits, and in holiday form.

McTodd. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 355 pages. $1.50.

McTodd is a Scottish ship's engineer, skillful but given to drink in off hours, brave to the point of foolhardiness, not very particular as to right and wrong, always in scrapes. He has some extraordinary adventures, equaling those which Mr. Hyne's "Captain Kettle" went through; indeed, when he drops a ship from an iceberg sixty feet sheer fall into the ocean without hurting it, one involuntarily thinks of Munchausen. Many of these stories (the chapters really form separate tales) are of the Arctic regions. Mr. Hyne certainly tells a story in a way to hold the story-lover's attention, although he does not spare his readers' sensibilities when he depicts rough life, coarse motive, and brutal actions.

Mary of Magdala: A Drama in Five Acts. By Paul Heyse. Translated by William Winter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Master Hand (A). By Richard Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 257 pages. $1, net.

A capital detective story. Its title might well have personal application to the author for his ability in the creation of so interesting a tale.

Merivale Banks (The). By Mary J. Holmes. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.

Mrs. Holmes's present novel, despite the modernity of the heroine's bicycle, differs little from others of the line that reaches back (how long?) into the darkness where repose "The English Orphans," "Rose Mather," and "Lena Rivers," forgotten favorites of a distant generation.

My Own Story. By John Townsend Trowbridge. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 481 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Plea for Christian Unity and a Book for Everybody. By John Hunkey. Illustrated. Published by the Author, Atchison, Kansas. 6×8½ in. 695 pages. $1.

Principles of American Forestry. By Samuel B. Green. John Wiley & Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

Who that has walked abroad in the country is not interested in trees, in their growth, in the forest, in the relation between trees and soils, in the effect of particular slopes on forest growth, in influences of the forest on water supplies, on wind and hail storms, fogs and clouds? An increasing circle of readers, too, we are glad to say, has now become interested in the practical side—in tree-planting, in forest regeneration, propagation, protection, mensuration, and economics; above all, in the best nursery practices. On these points and on others Professor Green's book is illuminative. It will be of value not only to students of forestry and forest-owners, but also to the "popular" reader who "wants to know" and does not want to be told in over-technical language either.

Red Poocher (The). By Seumas MacManus. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7 in. 130 pages. 75c.

Four short tales, in which an Irish gamekeeper recites to a companion the exploits of a notorious poacher. Delightful specimens of brogue and good humor, to which Mr. MacManus's readers are always treated.

Responsibilities of the Novelist and Other Literary Essays. By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 311 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Royal Navy (The): A History. Vol. VII. By W. L. Clowes and Others. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8×11 in. 627 pages.

The last volume of this extensive and elaborate work. Its over 600 quarto pages hold carefully written chapters by the editor on the civil and military history of the British navy from 1857 to 1900, a particularly readable account of voyages and discoveries in the same period by Sir Clement R. Markham, several really beautiful photogravures, and scores of other well-executed illustrations. We hope to speak of this work as a whole at a later date.

Sally, Mrs. Tubbs. By Margaret Sidney. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 180 pages. $1.

An exaggerated study of a New England type. Sally is a resolute spinster washerwoman, who, at the age of forty-nine, by main strength and quite on her own initiative, adopts the profession of matrimony. Recalling this author's "Five Little Peppers," we are tempted to quote for the benefit of all concerned the aphorism concerning the shoemaker and his last.

Sequence in Hearts (A). By Mary Morse Moss. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 333 pages. $1.50.

This is a love story, but not of the conventional type, either in treatment or conclusion, and it is further distinguished by really clever character-drawing, and a refreshing play of humor in place of the usual indulgence in sentimentality or heroics.

Shorter Poems of Goethe and Schiller. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) Edited by W. H. Van Der Simssen, M.A. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 291 pages. 60c.

South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719–1776. By W. Roy Smith, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 441 pages. $2.50.

Not a general history of South Carolina before the Revolution, like Mr. McCrady's admirable volumes, but rather a scholarly essay upon constitutional and economic conditions during this one epoch. It is evident that South Carolinians are no longer willing that New Englanders shall be regarded as the sole makers of American history because the sole narrators of it.

Stories of Great Artists. By Olive Browne Horne and Kathrine Lois Scobey. Eclectic School Readings. Illustrated. American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 157 pages.

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Standard Dictionary of the English Language (A). A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Prepared by more than Two Hundred Specialists and Other Scholars, under the Supervision of Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief; Francis A. March, LL.D., L.H.D., Consulting Editor; Daniel S. Gregory, D.D., LL.D., Managing Editor. In 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

This new edition of a dictionary that has won an honored place among the older dictionaries during the ten years since its first publication contains a large addition to its already very inclusive vocabulary. Some seventeen thousand new words or new definitions of old words are included in the "Addenda" at the end of the second volume. In addition, the text of the dictionary has been carefully revised, and there are several new colored plates and many new illustrations. The Appendix has also been revised and reset, with additional features, such as Bible Names and a list of Plurals of Irregular Formation. With the Atlas and the detailed description of the countries of the world at the end of the first volume, both brought carefully up to date, the Standard Dictionary in its revised form becomes a work of almost encyclopædic inclusiveness and more than encyclopædic convenience of reference. Its accuracy, conciseness, and general satisfactoriness to dictionary-users are too well known to need further comment. In a work of such magnitude minor errors will creep into a first edition; most of these, such as "accoustics" on p. 2,266 of the first edition, "Apenines" on p. 2,115, and "intented" for intended, on p. 2,269, have been corrected; we regret to notice, however, that Tuskegee is still misspelled "Tuskeegee," though a note has been added about Booker T. Washington's school at that place, and that under Abbreviations Venez. is still given as an abbreviation for "Venezuala" instead of Venezuela. The biographical note about John Ernest Keely, of humbug motor fame, "American inventor," ought rather to be "American impostor." These hints will doubtless be taken by the editors in good part, and help to make the next revision perfect.

Stories of Peter and Ellen (The). By Gertrude Smith. Harper & Bros., New York. Illustrated. 7×8½ in. 138 pages. $1.30, net.

Pretty stories for very little folk, of the doings of a small sister and brother. The type is very large and clear, and there are several full-page illustrations in colors.

Supervision and Education in Charity. By Jeffry R. Brackett, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 222 pages. $1.

A compact account of the development of modern "scientific" charity in the United States.

Third Degree (The). By Charles Ross Jackson. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York 5×7½ in. 293 pages. $1.50.

A knowledge of the effects of poison does not sufficiently equip one for writing a story, even when its interest is to center on the detection of a crime committed by this means. Yet an apparently intimate acquaintance with literature of the melodramatic order and this knowledge seem to have served the author of "The Third Degree"—with what result may be inferred or tested as the reader inclines.

Ternary Orthogonal Group in a General Field, and the Groups Defined for a General Field by the Rotation Groups. By Leonard Eugene Dickson. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. IX.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8×11 in. 17 pages. 50c.

Toilers of the Home. By Lillian Pettengill. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 397 pages. $1.50, net.

This record is certainly a unique presentation of the case of maid *versus* mistress, and to follow the varied experiences of Eliza in each new "place" is to be instructed as well as entertained.

Two Years Ago. By Charles Kingsley. In 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 409 pages. $2, net.

An addition to a decidedly satisfactory and attractive edition.

Vice-Admiral of the Blue (The). By Roland Burnham Molineux. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Molineux's second entry in the field of fiction is a historical romance which concerns itself chiefly with Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, incidentally embracing other celebrities of their day in England and Italy, where first these personages meet. There are faults aplenty in the book (besides those of the hero and heroine!), yet it seems to us better work than the average of its class.

What to See in England. By Gordon Home. Illustrated. Adam & Charles Black, London. 5×7½ in. 314 pages. $2.

A handbook on a novel plan. London is taken as a center, and plans are given for outings to famous places in England and Wales. Usually two pages are devoted to each place; one in each case is a pretty half-tone view; the other is packed with information as to how to get there, things to see, and what to do, including some historical and biographical data.

Works of Charles and Mary Lamb (The). Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I. Miscellaneous Prose. Vol. V. Poems and Plays. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 557 and 387 pages. $2.25, net, per volume.

Reserved for later notice.

World's Children (The). By Mortimer Menpes and Dorothy Menpes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 246 pages. $6.

The Menpes books on Japan, Egypt, the Holy Land, India, and other subjects have now received an addition which should prove at least as popular as any of them. "The World's Children" is the title of the new volume. It contains a hundred charming full-page illustrations in color by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the text being by Miss Dorothy Menpes. The children described for us by pen and pencil come from many parts of the British Empire, from this country, from France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Russia, Rumania, Egypt, China, Japan, and Mexico.

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Correspondence

Are Pensions to Go On Forever?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is not yet ten years since pensions ceased to be paid by our Government to widows of soldiers of the Revolution. In each and every case a young girl had married an aged man—perhaps for love or pity, more likely to obtain a pension.

It was a genuine surprise to the public, and doubtless to the pension officials, when, a few weeks ago, a Kansas veteran asked that his name be taken off the pension roll, on the ground that he no longer needed aid. Is not his example a worthy one to follow?

It is well known everywhere in our land that there are wealthy men, even millionaires, drawing pensions which they receive because of some trifling injury which in no way incapacitates them for business.

In 1820 a bill was passed by Congress requiring all pensioners of the Revolution to file with the designated authorities a schedule of their property, real and personal, as a ground for determining whether they should continue to receive pensions. In looking over a genealogy recently I found that several of the family were "excluded from pension by the act of 1820."

The proposition made by some of the G. A. R. posts to grant a service pension to every survivor of the army seems unjust and uncalled for. While the needy and the disabled deserve, very likely, more than they are now receiving, a patriotic soldier, in prosperous circumstances and in sound health, must feel that his self-respect is lowered by receiving the public bounty. The best deserving will be the last to ask for anything of the kind.

H. L. Boltwood.

The Credit for Porto Rico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

After speaking of the pre-eminence of the War Department in the civil affairs of Cuba and other sections, ex-Secretary Long closes his article on "The New American Navy" in The Outlook for September 5 as follows:

"In Porto Rico, however, the credit for the institution of the American system, with its inestimable blessings, belongs to the navy. . . . Without a hitch and with such marvelous success that the very absence of friction and incident has prevented the attraction of public attention to the splendid merit of the work, Governor Allen transformed that island in fourteen months into a condition of good government, of popular legislative control, of industrial development, of free schools, of improved roads, and of public and personal freedom, which, when at the end of that period he left it, found its parallel only in the States of our own Union."

Does this convey the correct impression? It is true that Governor Allen had been the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. But he went to Porto Rico as a civilian only. What the navy had to do with the civil affairs of Porto Rico must have been very slight. But the War Department had a great deal to do with them. General Brooke for a short time, General Henry for five months, and General George W. Davis for a year were Military Governors of the island. The latter did an especially remarkable work. His voluminous reports on the political, economic, educational, and other conditions of the island were prepared for the very purpose of guiding our Government in establishing civil order. General Davis submitted to the War Department a plan for the institution of civil government in the island, many of whose features were adopted, I believe, by Congress. He carried through with complete success the relief of the distress caused by the great hurricane.

At the time of his turning over the government to the Civil Governor, General Davis said: "In every municipality officials are now in control of the local government and courts, who are the choice of the people, and further exten-

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sions of home rule are soon to be made." Many of these were the old Spanish civil institutions, but many were the new institutions of our country, which General Davis steadily substituted for those of Spanish origin. Indeed, I think it may be safely said that, great as was the work of Governor Allen, its success was practically insured by the at least equally great work of his military predecessor, who, though not a graduate of West Point, is one of the most accomplished officers of his rank in the army.

SAMUEL W. DIKE.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.

The Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement

When Mr. Riis brought the first bunch of flowers from his own children to the poor little waifs of Mott and Mulberry Streets, the neighborhood work was begun that in fifteen years has grown into the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement. As friends learned of this distribution and sent him more flowers, there were too many for his busy hands, and the work of love was turned over to a Committee of King's Daughters, who met in a small office in the basement of a church. Outgrowing that in a few months, they moved to a small tenement in Madison Street, from there to half a house, thus steadily growing, until the work now occupies two well-equipped houses, Nos. 48 and 50 Henry Street, with a good-sized playground in the rear, the two lots together making 50 by 100 feet. A thousand persons, men, women, and children, pass through the hospitable doors each week, all sure of a welcome and a word of comfort or cheer, no matter what the age, the sex, or the creed, and they learn to love it as "the only place where we ever have a good time."

It seems very important to make this home a permanent one and save the playground, so needed in this crowded district, when we know that men are eagerly waiting to get this desirable site for another large tenement-house. A generous friend has given $20,000, another $1,000, and one $25 towards the $50,000 needed for the purchase of the property. The title has been searched, and the Board of Managers now appeal for money to complete the fund.

What better monument can be raised to the noble man who has done so much for our city than to perpetuate the truly American Settlement he has founded, which bears his name, and is helping to make more good citizens?

For two years Outlook readers have proved their interest in this work by generous contributions for the Fresh Air Home at Twin Island, for which we are deeply grateful, and we believe that they will be ready to help us now. All gifts will be welcome, large or small, and should be sent to the Treasurer at 48 Henry Street, New York.

JENNIE DEWEY HEATH,
President of Board of Managers.
CLARA FIELD, Treasurer.

Solving His Own Problem

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The following clipping from the Atlanta "Journal" of September 1 may interest your readers:

DAWSON, Ga., Sept 1.—A funeral occurred yesterday near Dawson, the like of which has never before been seen in Terrell County. It was that of William Huckaby, who for years has been a negro farmer in this section.

Perhaps the largest concourse which ever followed a body to its last resting-place was that which yesterday accompanied the remains of the negro Huckaby. Hundreds were present, and there were fully as many white people as negroes. The pall-bearers were all white, several of the most prominent citizens, including officials of the county, bearing the coffin to its burial-place.

The deceased was one of those negroes who solved the race problem for himself. Hard-working and honest, he accumulated property and enjoyed a credit as good as that of any man in the county. He was respectful, knew his place, and never dabbled in politics. He won the respect and confidence of the best people in Dawson and Terrell County. His life was a worthy example to the members of his race.

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Everywhere

autumn scatters her ruby tints
of harvest-time, and like her

RUBIFOAM

spreads its harvest of beauty
and soundness everywhere.

It is a dentifrice, a mouth wash and a preserver of the gums combined. It keeps the whole mouth well. Increasing in popularity and sale.

Sold Everywhere for 25 Cents.

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